The Outlook

Volume 141 November 18, 1925 Number 12

A Lenient Court Martial

THE court martial trying Colonel William Mitchell for conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline is, perhaps, the most lenient court martial that we have ever seen in this country. Its leniency extends not so much to the defendant personally as to counsel and to spectators. The strict, even harsh, formality of the traditional court martial is lacking. Lawyers indulge in witty sallies and spectators laugh quite as freely here as in the most informal of civil courts. Several times members of the Court have been late in arriving, and more than one daily paper has suggested that they are themselves guilty of conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline.

More comment has been drawn forth, however, by the apparently lenient attitude of the Court toward the trial itself. Colonel Mitchell has been permitted to call a long list of witnesses and to introduce a great array of documents to prove that he told the truth when he made the statements for which he is on trial. This, perhaps, is as it should be. It accords, in a certain sort, with the spirit of American criminal procedure, which allows the defendant the benefit of every doubt. But it apparently does not accord with the conception of many old military men as to what was to be expected of a court martial conducting a trial for violation of the Ninety-sixth Article of War. These elder soldiers do not hesitate to assert that, according to previous procedure, the duty of the court martial is to inquire whether or not the things which Colonel Mitchell said were prejudicial to discipline, and not at all as to whether they are true or false. Perhaps the truth or falsity of the statements may not be considered in the last analysis when the Court comes to fix punishment if the statements are found to be prejudicial, but the procedure certainly does afford Colonel Mitchell the opportunity of presenting his case before the court of public opinion as well as before the court martial. Probably the Court considers that he is entitled to this privilege, whatever the judgment of the Court itself may be as to his guilt.

But an illusion is shattered. The only court martial that the public has known much about in this generation is not the personification of severity that courts martial have been supposed to be. Old soldiers question its procedure. Newspaper reporters smile at it—even in print.

About it all there is, somehow, a suggestion of the final hunt for the buried doubloons in "Treasure Island." When the ghostly voice came from among the trees, it was terrible so long as it was supposed to be the voice of the ghost of Flint, the pirate captain. But when it was recognized as the voice of the maroon, either in the flesh or in the spirit—well, said Silver, "dead or alive, nobody is afraid of Ben Gunn."

Courts martial, it is evident now, are not always Flints. But possibly they are never Ben Gunns.

The Regulation of the Air

THE Department of Commerce and the American Engineering Counsel organized last June a Committee on Civil Aviation. This Committee has now made its report and forwarded its recommendations to the President's Aircraft Board.

First of all, the Committee recommends the enactment by Congress of a civil aeronautics law. The need for such a law has been manifest since the earliest

(C) Harris & Ewing

Colonel Mitchell listens defiantly to the charges against him

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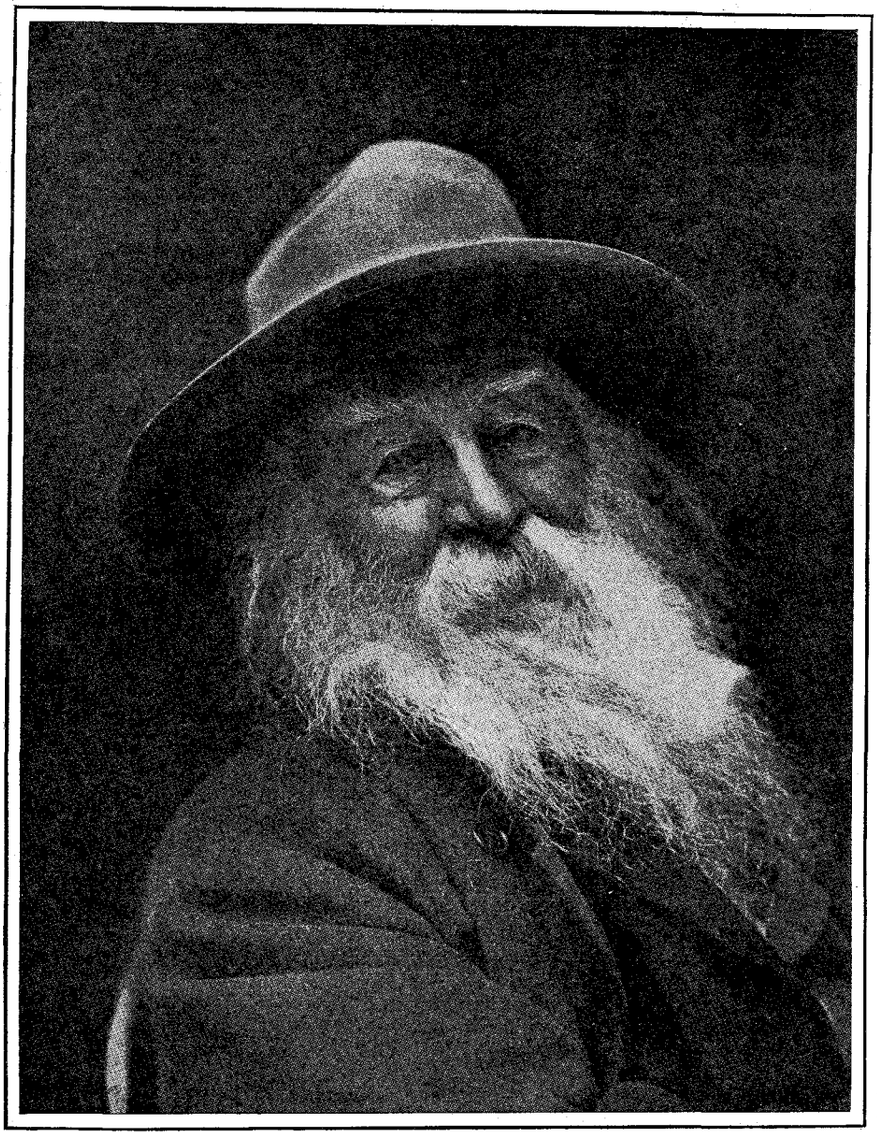

Courtesy of the New York Public Library

Whitman in his Camden days

development of aviation. It is certainly strange that Congress has never been able to put through the enactment of an air code.

Three other recommendations are contained in the Committee's report. They call for:

A definite Government programme concerning civil and industrial uses of aircraft.

Co-operation of all Government agencies to strengthen the aircraft industry.

Public and business support through modified insurance rates and careful investment of private money.

The Committee is opposed to a direct subsidy of the aircraft industry.

Most important of all, the Committee recommends the establishment of a Bureau of Civil Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce. The Bureau would have broad powers to regulate and promote civil and commercial flying. The Committee holds that the Government has a "public responsibility" to provide essential air navigation facilities.

The report of the Committee goes into practically every detail of civil aviation and lays out a programme along conservative, constructive lines. What is to come of it all depends upon Congress.

The Strike Goes On

A GLEAM of hope in the anthracite strike is found in the request of Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, to the respective heads of the miners' union and the operators' committee (John L. Lewis and W. W. Inglis) that they meet him separately and discuss with him the situation. A published personal letter from Governor Pinchot indicates his belief that there is reasonable ground to expect a settlement before long.

It is almost amusing to compare the critical situation as to strike coal prices now and twenty-five years ago. The New York "World" in its "Twenty-five Years Ago" thus reports what it said on November 2, 1900: "Price of anthracite raised to $5.50 per ton. 25 cents above the September price, following the wage advance of 10 per cent to end the strike of miners." Raised to $5.50! Coal and everything else has "gone up;" even so the man is lucky who can buy a ton of anthracite now at three times the strike price of 1900.

Reports from Washington state that Congress will take into serious consideration the facts and recommendations made by the National Coal Commission. The last Congress did not take this important report into any consideration, serious or otherwise. We again recommend those who would understand the coal situation and the life and work of the miner to procure "What the Coal Commission Found," a book, published by the Williams & Wilkins Company, Baltimore, which gives a clear and full summary prepared by Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt and other members of the staff of the Commission and commended by its Chairman, Mr. John Hays Hammond.

The Open Door for Whitman

THE Authors Club, as a method of arousing interest in its effort to raise funds for a memorial to Walt Whitman, has arranged an exhibition in the New York Public Library. With the assistance of the library officials, of Mr. Alfred Goldsmith, the Whitman bibliographer, and many collectors, there are now on display books, pictures, and a great variety of other material illustrative of the life and work of New York's greatest poet. There are first editions, translations into foreign languages, newspapers and magazines to which Whitman contributed, manuscripts and letters, books about Whitman, photographs, paintings, busts, and caricatures.

Mr. Emory Holloway writes:

"The strange merging of poetry and journalism in Whitman will be less of a puzzle to one who examines with care the cases showing his varied work as journalist, war correspondent, and magazine writer. Doubtless the poetry will endure the longest, but one can easily misjudge the poet if the journalist be entirely forgotten. This dual function accounts, in a measure, for Whitman's often deplored reviews of his own books.

" 'Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries,' said Whitman, in one of his poems. Libraries have been known to do that, as well as bookstores; indeed,

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Save the money

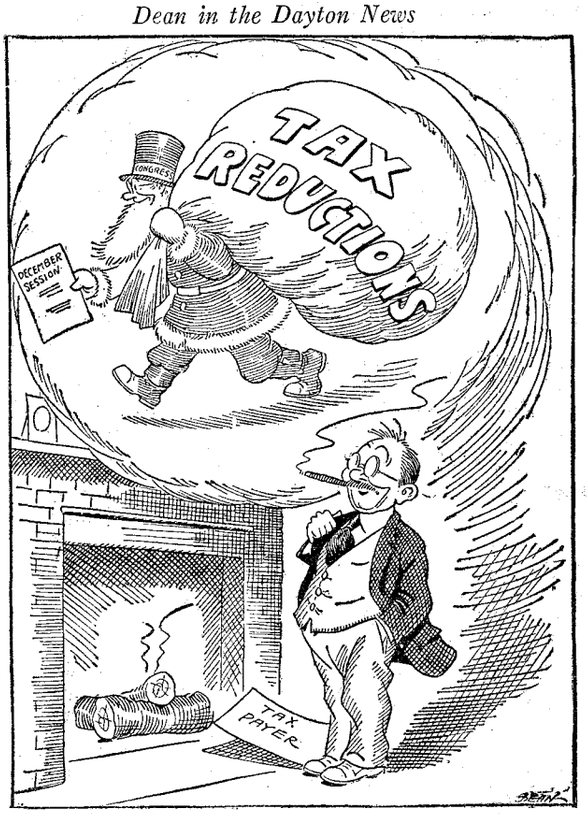
(Comedy of Errors, Act II, Scene 2)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Oh joy!

From Charles Gillingham, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dean in the Dayton News



"Hope Santa Claus doesn't forget us"

From J. Tomascin, Akron, Ohio

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

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That dog again!

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Gosh! There go the decoys!"

From Mrs. Anna L. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.

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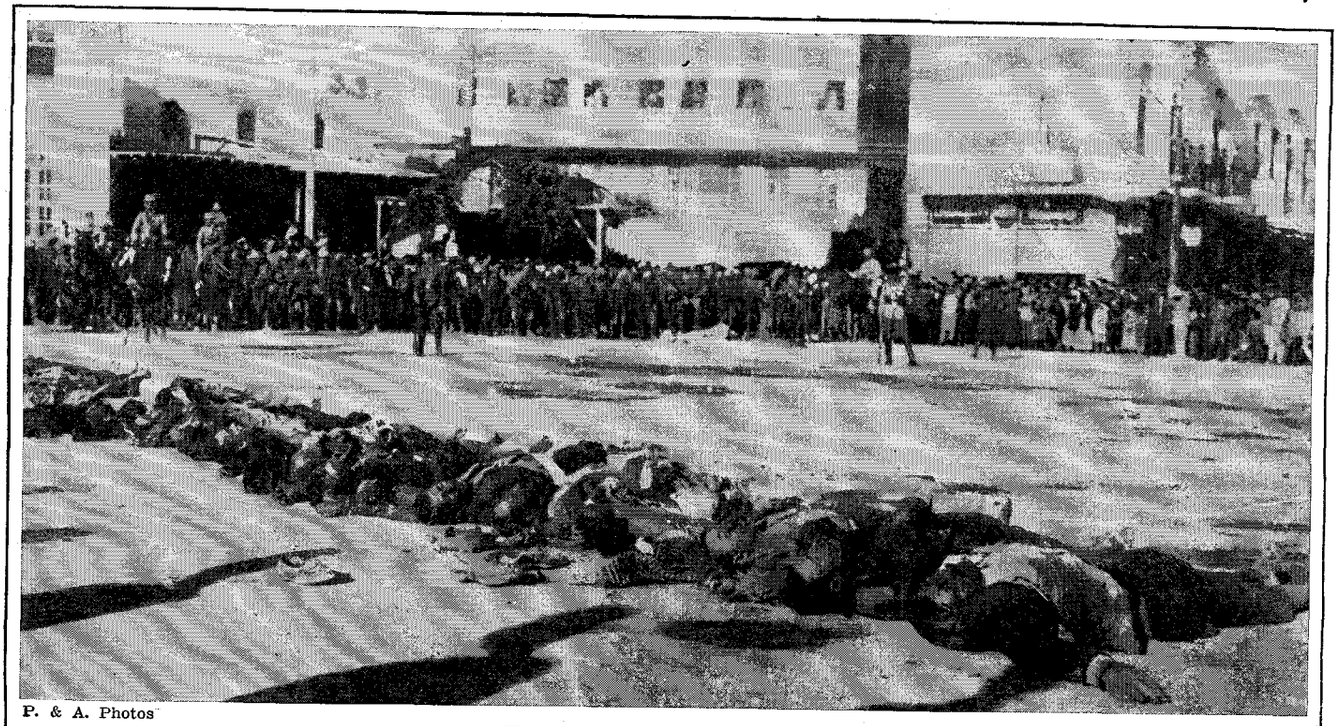


P. & A. Photos

An Editorial in Two Pictures

Here is a picture that tells the story of the public execution of bandits in Damascus by the French forces under General Sarrail. Sarrail's handling of the insurrection of the Druses aroused so much indignation in France that he was recalled

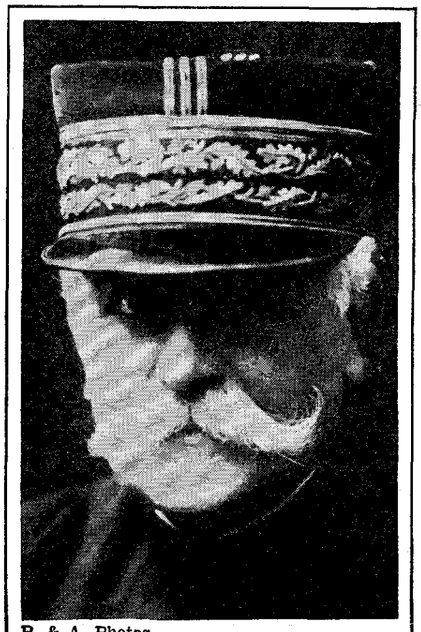
this is the first time that a library has honored the poet with a special exhibition. But how many library shelves are now bearing books written about Whitman is suggested by the two cases devoted to volumes of this sort—volumes by Burroughs, Bucke, Symonds, Edward Carpenter, Bliss Perry, H. B. Binns, Johnston and Wallace, Kennedy, O'Connor, Traubel, Bazalgette, Grant Overton, Edith Wharton, and many more."

Answer the Call

FROM Armistice Day to Thanksgiving Day the yearly Roll Call of the American Red Cross is on. This is primarily for the renewal and extension of membership, but it also calls for support by the American people, for this is the only "drive," if it may be so called, of the Red Cross.

Those who listened to the statement over the radio made by John Barton Payne, Chairman of the Red Cross, were particularly surprised at the number and variety of the Association's foreign activities in this time of peace. It bore out fully the claim of the Red Cross to be "the one National agency for mobilizing the hearts and hands of the American people for the relief of suffering in every part of the world." What it has done at home all know.

President Coolidge, who is *ex officio* President of the Red Cross, takes a warm and personal interest in its work, as was shown by an incident related by Judge Payne of the night when a second Japanese earthquake disaster was rumored to have followed the great disaster which had prompted the Red Cross immediately to send a half million dollars clear of "overhead." The President on the occasion referred to by Judge Payne personally called him up on the telephone that night and urged that cables of inquiry should be sent without an hour's delay.



P. & A. Photos

Here is the French general who failed as colonial administrator. To the credit of France, he has been called home to account for his record in Damascus

No better statement of the claim of the American Red Cross on the American people could be made than the President's appeal for the present Roll Call. He said: "Wherever and whenever an emergency has caused human suffering, the American Red Cross, to the extent of its very abundant ability, has administered relief. . . . The American Red Cross invites all to share in its inspiring responsibility. It needs strength in numbers; it needs you."

Pershing's Plebiscite

GENERAL PERSHING, commander of the American armies in the World War, has proved himself to be an effectual man of peace. He has just averted what threatened the peaceful solution of South America's most dangerous international dispute. The plans for the plebiscite to decide whether the provinces of Tacna and Arica should remain under Chilean control or be restored to Peru will therefore now proceed under conditions more auspicious than ever.

It was by virtue of victory in war that Chile first secured control of Tacna-Arica, but held them subject to the decision of a plebiscite to be held ten years later. In 1894, however, when the ten-year period had expired, there was no

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plebiscite, and has been none since. Peru declared that in the meantime the region had become Chileanized and that a plebiscite now would be unfair to her. After a conference at Washington, held at the invitation of President Harding three years ago, it was agreed by Chile and Peru that the question be left to the arbitration of the President of the United States. President Coolidge as arbiter decided upon a plebiscite under certain safeguards conducted by a commission composed of a Chilean representative, a Peruvian representative, and a representative of the United States. Peru hesitated some time before agreeing to participate, but finally agreed. All seemed to be going well when this new threat appeared.

Chile had not been willing to relinquish any of the authority she had been exercising in Tacna-Arica and had insisted that the holding of the plebiscite would be possible while she maintained the troops, *carabineros,* police, Secret Service men, and other officials she considered necessary. Peru, however, demanded certain "safeguards" and threatened to withdraw if her rights were not fully protected. As a matter of principle, therefore, General Pershing insisted that the Commission's authority must be supreme in determining what was necessary for the proper conduct of the plebiscite. Of course the proper safeguarding of the rights of both nations is precisely what the arbiter, President Coolidge, had in mind in appointing the Commission.

For the purpose of safeguarding the plebiscite General Pershing recommended to the Commission, over which he presided, provisions for the withdrawal of part of the Chilean military forces, for the reduction of police and other officers and the removal of such officers from civil posts, for the freedom of entry for all voters and persons legitimately connected with the plebiscite, for freedom of travel, for the right to carry on legitimate propaganda for the election, and for the removal of all forms of censorship.

It is not believed generally that any further objection to the plebiscite which Peru may offer can appreciably obstruct the progress of the present plans. It is reported that Peru is somewhat surprised at the acceptance by Chile of Pershing's recommendations. Unless something quite unforeseen arises, the Commission will now proceed to adopt rules and regulations for the plebiscite, designate a period for registration of voters, and set the date for the holding of the election itself. Perhaps such a method of settling an international dispute is not as exciting as war, but it is certainly less costly and is quite as likely to be just. At any rate, if it succeeds, it will have a great effect upon the settlement of other outstanding disputes among our neighbors of the southern continent.

Nor His Ox, nor His Ass

STATISTICS recently issued by the Canadian Government show that during the past summer no fewer than 2,000,000 automobiles crossed the Canadian border from the United States, carrying, in all, some 9,000,000 passengers. For the most part they were tourists who traveled far afield, seeing the sights and enjoying all the freedom which comes from a common language, similarity of tastes and ideals. They came and saw and went home again—nine millions of them; a number, curiously enough, almost exactly equaling the total population of Canada.

In almost any other part of the world a similar invasion of one country by another would have occasioned grave misgivings. Why did Canada view it with equanimity and the United States take it as a matter of course? Because, as one writer has well pointed out, politically Canada and America keep the Tenth Commandment; the "bugaboo of annexation," as President Harding so justly styled it in his speech in Canada just before his death, is long since vanished, and in no direction does either people covet his neighbor's goods, "neither his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."

It has been more than once truly observed that here lies the key to the whole problem of world peace; if the countries of the Old World really ceased to covet their neighbors' goods, the world's munition factories might close their doors.

News from Luxor

AFTER a long interval we have reports of renewed activity in the Tutankhamen tomb.

It is three years ago this month since Howard Carter's diggers came upon a slab of stone that proved to be the first of a flight of steps that led down to the entrance of the tomb. Lord Carnarvon, who furnished the funds for this excavation, died the following year. Fifteen months later the massive lid of the stone sarcophagus, in the fourth of the nest-like series of shrines that filled the burial chamber, was raised and the superb golden lid of the mummy case was disclosed. From that time up to a few weeks ago no further steps were taken to wrest from the tomb its last secret—the proof that the body of Tutankhamen was within. The sarcophagus was covered again with its heavy granite lid and left in peace. The reason for this delay was twofold. Dissension between Mr. Carter and the Egyptian authorities caused a long halt; the proper handling, preservation, and preparation for exhibition of the multitude of art objects, domestic utensils, and personal paraphernalia discovered was a delicate task, interfered with greatly by the crowds of tourists and other sightseers.

The recent news is that the granite cover of the sarcophagus, weighing a ton and a quarter and cracked by some ancient accident, has again been raised, the golden effigy of the young king with the symbolic face of the god Osiris has been for the first time lifted, and within has been found a mummy case with a linen outer covering, on the upper part of which are painted what are supposed to be the features of the young king's face.

Since the day when the fourth shrine was found intact, its doors marked with the original burial seals of the king, there has been little or no doubt that the body of Tutankhamen is within this tomb. There is a strong feeling that investigation should not go further. The claims of history, art, and archæology have now been satisfied as far as they are likely to be, and the exposure of the actual mummy, freed from its bandages, would serve no purpose. There should be due respect for even the dead of antiquity.

Tutankhamen's name will be prominent in Egyptology not because he was a great king, for he was not, but because his tomb is the only one which was found, not intact, to be sure, for robbers had visited it, but still filled to overflowing with such a mass and variety of things that from them can be constructed a vivid picture of the beautiful art of his age and of the inner life of the royal family and its entourage.

Aiding China under Difficulties

THE United States always has been China's firmest friend among the Powers. A new proof of our practical good will and desire to strengthen the Chinese nation has been given in trying

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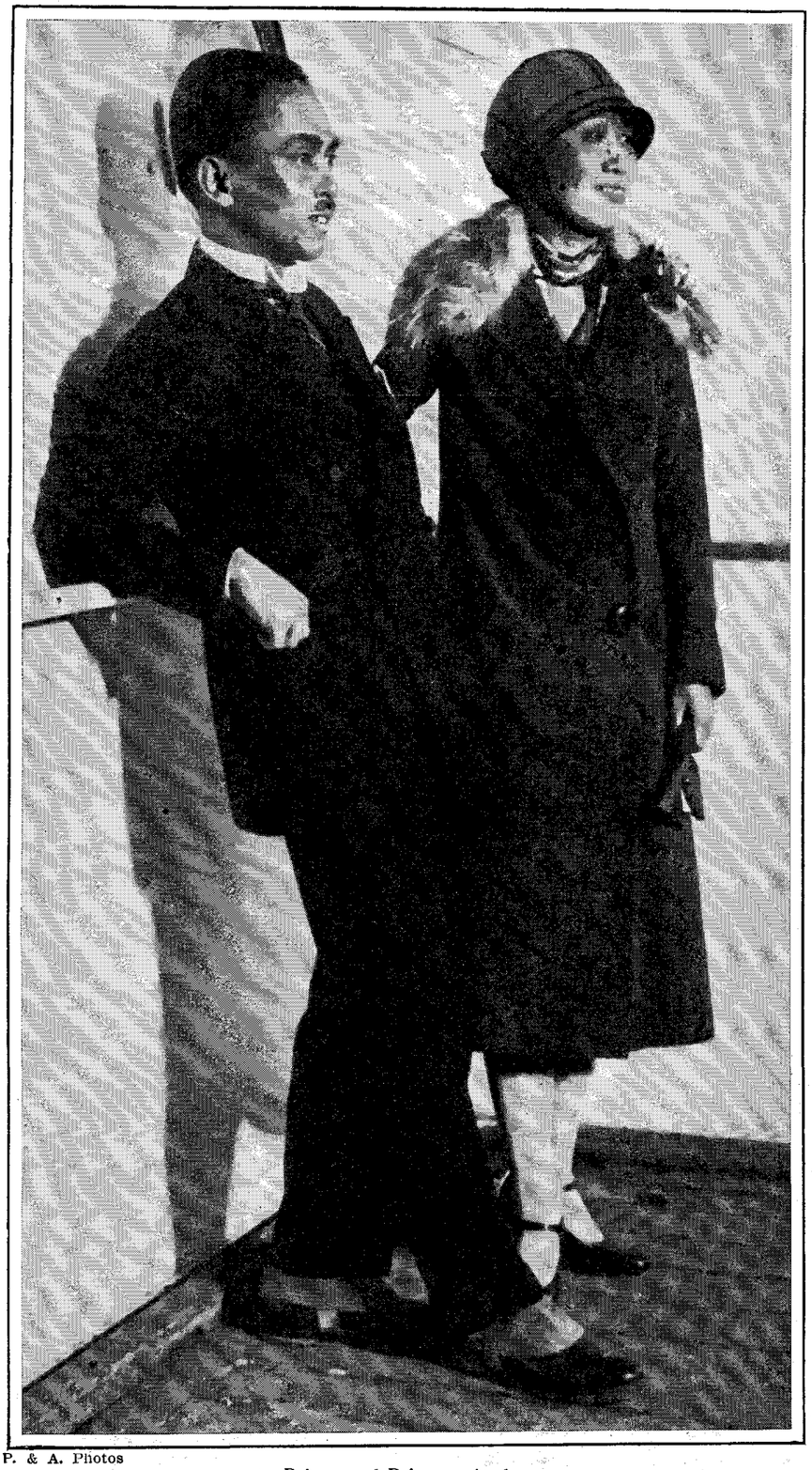

P. & A. Photos

Prince and Princess Asaka

circumstances at the international conference in Peking on revision of Chinese tariffs. China has been seeking for years to get rid of the system of foreign restriction and control of her customs duties, which dates back to the treaty of Nanking with Great Britain in 1842. The American delegation at Peking has adopted the far-sighted policy of backing China's demand for the right, at the end of three years, to enforce her own tariff law.

Plans for the present negotiations were made at the Washington Conference in 1922, but the treaty adopted there was only ratified fully last August. The Chinese Government, in sending out invitations shortly afterward for a conference in Peking, reminded the signatory nations that the Chinese delegation at Washington had reserved the right to bring forward the demand for tariff autonomy. This was contrary to the wishes of most of the European signatories and of Japan; but American influence was decisive in bringing the conference to pass without further delay.

As the conference met on October 26 hostile military factions in central and southern China were challenging the authority of the Peking Government. Doubts of its competence to hold the conference were expressed in some of the delegations. The conference nevertheless has continued.

China opened the sessions boldly by asking the right to set her own customs schedules not later than January 1, 1929. She offered to do away with the troublesome provincial taxes on goods in internal transit, known as "likin," but proposed at the same time that she be allowed to make increases in her tariff far beyond the programme of the Washington agreement.

American proposals, submitted by Minister MacMurray, have shown our willingness to go beyond the narrow terms outlined at Washington, though they do not meet Chinese desires in the matter of tariff increases. The most important point, however, is the favorable recognition of China's request for tariff autonomy in 1929. This has been the chief issue in the conference.

The other delegations have indicated their agreement in principle with the American proposals. Whatever the final decision on tariff rates, the concession of this central point marks a new victory for American diplomacy in the Far East. China could not have secured it without the powerful aid of the United States as a friend in a difficult time of need.

Royal Ambassadors of Good Will

GREAT BRITAIN knows the value of the Prince of Wales as an ambassador of good will. Now America has a chance to greet and know two such ambassadors of royal blood from the Orient. The sister of the Emperor of Japan, Princess Asaka, accompanied by her husband, himself a member of the reigning family, recently arrived in New York after a three years' absence from their homeland. They have been in Europe studying economic, financial, industrial, and social conditions.

The Prince and the Princess know something of the West besides the serious subjects they set out to study. Both the Prince and the Princess delight in West-

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ern dancing and the Prince is particularly fond of golf and tennis.

In their journey across our continent to the Pacific coast America will delight to honor these representatives of the ancient Empire of Japan.

Italy's Debts and Other Troubles

JUST at the time when Italy's Commission began its negotiations at Washington for the settlement of Italy's debt to America word came of a plot against the life of Italy's Premier, Benito Mussolini. All is not as serene as it might appear to be in Italy. The censorship is in full working order. From Dr. Elbert F. Baldwin, The Outlook's editor in Europe, who went from Locarno at the close of the Conference to Italy, we hear that the anti-Fascisti are active and that there is evidence that in some quarters at least their strength is growing. It must not be supposed that the anti-Fascisti are relying upon violence, for it was a Socialist who revealed the plot against Mussolini and the reigning dynasty.

Between Fascisti and anti-Fascisti, however much acrimony there may be concerning domestic affairs, there is no difference of opinion as to the need for favorable terms from America. The prevailing sentiment in Italy appears to be a desire to do the right thing. There is no evidence of any wish to evade the issue. From the Fascist point of view, a rugged integrity at this moment would be particularly desirable in strengthening the Mussolini Government. At the same time Italy's economic position seems to her own people to be peculiar, as appears to them evident from the following facts:

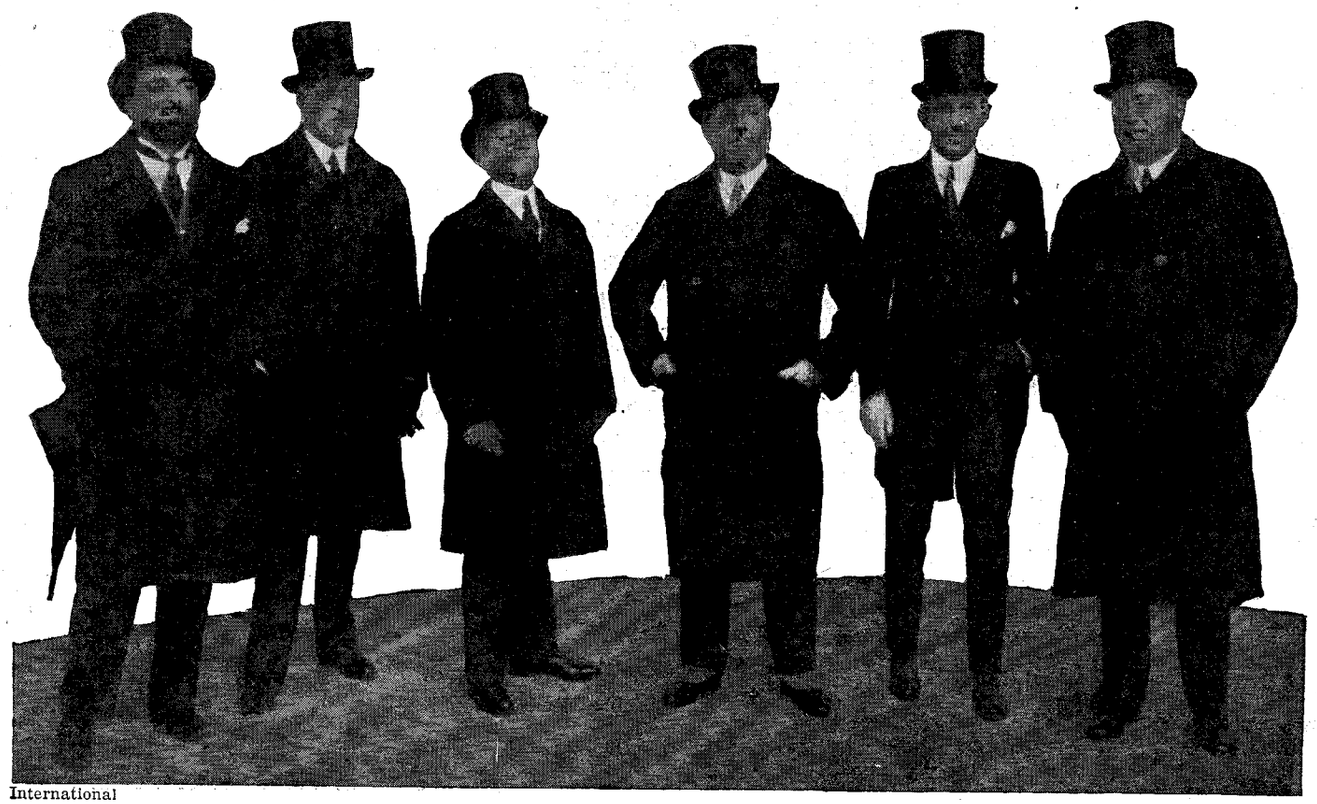
Italy has less than half the national income of France and only a third of the wealth of France; although the least rich of any of the Allies, Italy pays the largest proportional taxes. Italy's military expenses have been strikingly diminished as compared with those of other countries. And yet Italy lacks raw material, while France, for instance, has become, with the reacquisition of Alsace-Lorraine and the control of the Sarre, a leading producer of Europe. As compared with Belgium, Italy has to buy coal and iron, while Belgium possesses both. As compared with France and Belgium, Italy is poor in colonies.

Briand's Return

TO-DAY Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, is easily the most popular man in all France. He has added greatly to a reputation already brilliant. Seven times Premier of France, he was for a while after the Conference at Washington somewhat in eclipse, but he returned from the little Swiss town of Locarno arrayed in new glory.

Canon Dimnet's article in this issue presents this French statesman as he is seen by some of his fellow-countrymen who dissent strongly from certain of his domestic policies. It explains in part at least his continued eminence in French politics in spite of attacks from Socialists on the one side and clericals on the other. In fact, those who have acclaimed him at one time have denounced him at another. Starting his career as an itinerant advocate of the rights of the oppressed, he became Premier under a storm of denunciation from his former comrades, only to be hailed by them when he piloted through the Chamber the act for the separation of Church and State, and then once more denounced as he broke the back of a nation-wide railway strike by calling the strikers to the colors as reservists. Similarly, as Canon Dimnet points out, he has made friends of his clerical opponents.

With the fall of Caillaux and the perplexities of the Painlevé reorganized Government he has perhaps a new political opportunity; and yet those who know him best would find it most difficult to tell what he thinks of it. His achieve-



International

Here are the men sent by Italy to negotiate a settlement of her debt to America

Left to right: Dino Grandi, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Count Lelio Bonin Longare, formerly Italian Ambassador to France; Giacomo de Martino, Ambassador to the United States; Count Volpi, Finance Minister and head of the mission; Alberto Pirelli and Mario Alberti, delegates

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ments at Locarno are not yet made secure, for they must wait for the confirmation of the several Governments that participated in the Conference; and yet, whatever happens, they remain as the high-water mark in the progress of Europe towards reconciliation. A glance over the results of the Locarno Conference is sufficient to indicate how far Briand's success extended. We give those results as outlined in a letter from our editorial correspondent in Europe, Dr. Elbert F. Baldwin:

1. Germany expected the Locarno Conference to be a means of revising the Versailles Treaty. But that Treaty is still doing business at the old stand.
2. Despite the ultra-Nationalist protest, the Alsatian question disappears from international politics.
3. England's real boundary is moved to the Rhine.
4. Months ago England declared herself a guarantor of peace on the Rhine. At Locarno Italy joined her. Anglo-Italian relations will doubtless become closer than they have been.
5. Since the Rhineland pact is bilateral, the term "Allies" hardly longer applies to England, France, Belgium, and Italy as a group of Powers united against Germany.
6. The new arbitral status of Poland and Czechoslovakia offers some assurance against untoward action.
7. Poland is not isolated, as may have been Germany's intention; France saves the situation.
8. The World Court and also the League of Nations loom larger by the references to them in this treaty, subsidiary rather than supersedent, also because of Germany's presumable entrance into the League.
9. The Conference showed that the European nations can really get together and settle their most outstanding troubles. The concrete work accomplished here deserves American recognition as well.
10. The Locarno Treaty should revive Europe not only politically but also commercially and financially.
11. The experience of mutual work and success at Locarno may ultimately lead to a kind of United States of Europe, hardly, however a pendant to the United States of America.
12. All this needs more than good will; it needs, to quote Lord Grey's memoirs, "steadiness and strength."
13. Henceforth, however, the headstrong may be less likely to mistake violence for strength.

To French diplomacy must be credited the preservation of the Versailles Treaty intact; the disappearance of the Alsatian question; the general guaranty of the Rhine boundary; and the security provided for Poland and Czechoslovakia. These results of French diplomacy are about half of those in Dr. Baldwin's list; and French diplomacy at Locarno means Aristide Briand.

The New York Political Gridiron

HARVARD has been enjoying itself over a discussion of the question, Would you be willing to exchange President Lowell, President Emeritus Eliot, and three common or garden variety of professors for a good backfield? In Cambridge the question seems to have been accepted as a bit of very excellent undergraduate humor. Certain folks outside the academic shades of Cambridge, however, seem to be suffering from the delusion that Harvard undergraduates have lost their sense of proportion. Even after the Princeton game this delusion persists.

The problem which is agitating Cambridge we think deserves a wider application than can be given within the confines of a single university. We propose a question affecting the political fortunes of the wealthiest State in the Union.

Would the Republican Party in New York State exchange its political leadership for $.10 or what have you? Certainly the last election in New York State demonstrates the political bankruptcy of those in control of the party fortunes.

New York City, so far as any constructive leadership is concerned, was completely abandoned to Tammany. An excellent man was nominated for Mayor, but a man without any political training or ability to wage an effective campaign. It is no criticism of Mr. Waterman's personality or position in the business world to say that he was marked for slaughter from the moment that he accepted his nomination. Is Tammany satisfied with its score and will it lie down until the time comes for another municipal election? It will not. It will go on working night and day for the control of New York, while the Republican Party proceeds to sleep the clock around after its last futile eleventh-hour sprint for the goal line.

Up-State Republican city strongholds are falling or their walls are beginning to shake. When the Senate and the Assembly both go Democratic, as they undoubtedly will in time if the present trend continues, there will be a redistricting of the Empire State on the basis of population, which will mean good-by to the Republican Party in New York for many years. The only hope that the Republicans have of retaining their grip on the State as a whole lies in the selection of leaders who have the political wisdom to act without partisanship where no party issues are involved, and the intelligence and understanding to see that the defeat of sound measures put forward by their opponents earns them nothing but the loss of the voters' confidence in their political integrity. Governor Smith is an able political leader. He has carried the ball for his party over many hard yards. In addition the Republican opposition has helped him out by throwing more than one forward pass directly into his hands.

Feathers versus Fedoras

The Indian's Dilemma

AMERICAN Indians have needed protection from their enemies; but sometimes they need too to be saved from their friends.

For many years there has been a group of the Indians' friends whose main object is to make the Indian over according to a white and presumably Christian pattern. More recently there has drawn together a group of the Indians' friends whose souls are set upon preserving the Indian, unspoiled, as a work of art. On the one hand, as Mrs. Seymour says in her article elsewhere in this issue, there are those who would have the Indian tribes go forward to what we call civilization; on the other hand, there are those who would have them go back to what they conceive to be a kind of barbaric Arcadia. One group would replace the Indian's feathers, as Kemal Pasha has replaced the Turkish fez, with the European hat, as symbol of his new status; the other would have the Indian keep to his native head-dress, as symbol of his ancient heritage. Between the missionary group (if we may call it so, though not all missionaries are in it) and the artistic group (if we may call it so, though not all in it are artists) has waged a strange sort of warfare. Instead of shooting at each other, each group of zealots aims its shots at the Office of Indian Affairs, which stands perforce between the lines.

Some time ago two Pueblo Indians, educated young men, attended a religious

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ceremonial in ordinary clothes. The particular pueblo, acting under ancient communal authority which has been recognized in some sort by Spain and Mexico and the United States, assessed a penalty against the young man. There are contradictory statements as to just what the penalty was. The artists say that the apostates from the ancient religion were given the option of paying a fine or taking a flogging, and chose the latter. The missionaries say that the flogging came because the men refused to pay the fine. Whatever the fact may be as to that, the communal authorities were, following the flogging, arrested on an assault charge and haled into court. There is difference of assertion as to what the Court decided in regard to the right of the community to inflict corporal punishment, but the point here is what happened to the Indian Bureau as a result of the incident.

First, a memorial went out under the sanction of the American Indian Defense Association, charging the Indian Bureau (as the Office of Indian Affairs is commonly called) with deliberate efforts to destroy both the religion and the self-government of the ancient Pueblos, and appealing to the President, Congress, and the public to stop this officious Bureau from "trying to establish a new policy in defiance of the law." There spoke the artist group. Not long afterward the statement went out with the authority of the Indian Rights Association that the Indian Bureau "has been too timid" to assert its authority for the protection of progressive Indians, such as those who defied the community in the matter of ceremonial garb and were whipped. There spoke the missionary.

A Superintendent and a Tribal Herd

THAT incident is fairly typical of what pretty constantly is happening to the Office of Indian Affairs. It is beyond the power of human wisdom to devise a policy of administration that would please both groups. The Office of Indian Affairs, therefore, is entitled to sympathy—which does not necessarily mean that it does not sometimes deserve, also, censure.

There has been recently a great deal of complaint against the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Charles H. Burke. Most of it is without solid foundation. The demands for his removal, coming from reservations as far apart as southern Oklahoma and northern Montana, come mostly from little groups of malcontents whom the Bureau has thwarted in one purpose or another. But there are complaints of more serious import.

The one that has aroused most feeling, perhaps, is that growing out of the conduct of L. L. Odle, formerly superintendent at the Fort Yuma Agency in California, after that superintendent of the Southern Pueblo Agency at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and just now relieved of duty pending investigation. There has been complaint against Odle during the past five or six years. As long ago as the early months of 1921 two inspectors investigated alleged injustices that he had perpetrated. One of these inspectors recommended that he be dismissed, the other that he be exonerated. Commissioner Burke, who assumed office after the investigations were begun, decided in favor of exoneration. A few months ago Odle ran amuck, it is charged, and chased his wife and daughter and a woman guest out of the house in the middle of the night at the point of a gun. The Indian Rights Association wanted to know if Commissioner Burke's "affection for a tyrant and a bully . . . justifies him in keeping such a man in the Indian Service to flaunt decency and good administration." The Commissioner says that the Indian Rights Association knew, or could have known, before it published this query that Odle had been relieved from duty and would never be reinstated, that he would be permanently dismissed if sane, and if not sane retired under the Disability Act. Commissioner Burke admits that he may have made a mistake when he failed to dismiss Odle four years ago, but denies that any "powerful influence is protecting Odle," as the Indian Rights Association intimates.

Serious, too, is the complaint of the Northern Cheyennes on the Tongue River Reservation in Montana. They complain that they were forced to turn their individual cattle into the tribal herd and that later, when it was decided to break up the tribal herd, they received back a much smaller number of cattle than they turned in. The Indian Rights Association is authority for the statement that one Indian who turned in one hundred head received back only seven. The Bureau of Indian Affairs admits that this may possibly be so, but says that the Indian Rights Association fails to show how many cattle were sold and the proceeds credited to this Indian's account, or how many he and his family ate during the continuance of the tribal herd. The Cheyennes complain, too, that they were charged with money which they thought was given to them, but which they are now required to repay into the Federal reimbursable fund.

The beginning of this business dates back ten years, and Commissioner Burke is not primarily responsible for it. The muddle over money matters apparently grows out of the fact that for a period of several years Congress placed too much money in the reimbursable fund of the Office of Indian Affairs. Everything considered, however, this has been a productive fund. There has been lent out of it the sum of $4,698,047, and of this there has been repaid $3,310,514, a record which compares very favorably with that of any Government reimbursable fund used among white people.

The cattle transaction may have been one thing or the other—an injustice to the Indians or a service to them. No investigation within the power of a newspaper could determine the fact. Attention is called to these various matters because public intelligence ought to be awake to the question of justice to the wards of the Government, and of justice, also, to a bureau of the Government.

Incidentally, we are assured that, strange as it may seem, in spite of the bitter words concerning Odle, the Cheyennes' herd, and other matters, the Indian Rights Association has confidence in Commissioner Burke and Commissioner Burke has confidence in the Indian Rights Association.

The Indian of the Future

HOWEVER much the people of artistic soul may wish to do so, they cannot —nobody can—turn the Indians back to barbarism. It is no longer a question whether the Indians shall be treated as members of foreign nations encysted in this Republic or as American citizens, for Indians are citizens by Federal law. Twenty years ago Francis E. Leupp, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, said: "Each Indian must be recognized as an individual and so treated, just as each white man is." That principle, though not always observed, has determined the policy of the Government toward the Indian for many years. Ultimately, there will be no reservations and no Office of Indian Affairs. But that does not mean that Indian traditions should be cast aside, or that what the Indians

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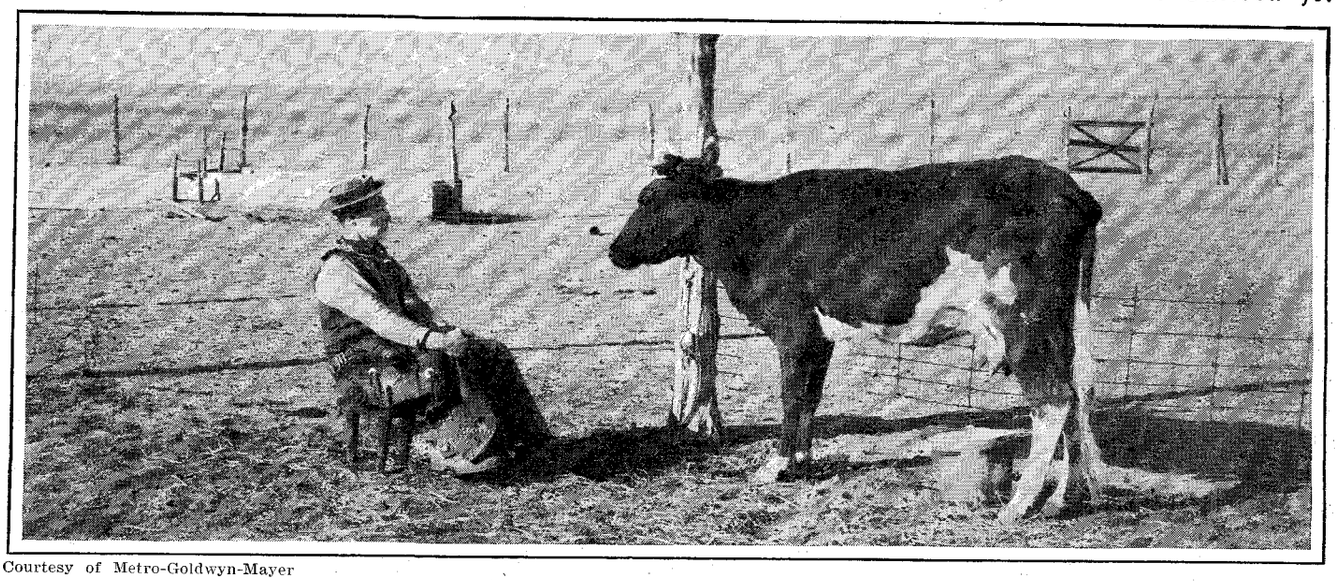

Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Buster Keaton in "Go West" seeks what consolation he can in bovine society

have inherited of distinctive art should be squandered or destroyed. The same Commissioner who laid down the principle of treating the Indian as an individual also said, "I like the Indian for what is Indian in him." There is room in this country, not for savagery, but for every artistic and spiritual inheritance and every custom and tradition that really can contribute to the wealth of American culture. The Indian problem is that of allowing and even encouraging the Indian to retain what is best and that which is distinctly his while at the same time acquiring and using what is best in advancing civilization.

The Poor Simp

THERE are four men in America who amuse hundreds of thousands of persons daily. One of these, Douglas Fairbanks, enacts the romantic hero; he is in a different class from the others. These are Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton, and their popularity, as well as their ability, may be in the order in which they have been named.

Courtesy of United Artists Corporation

Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush" finds a cold welcome in Alaska

It is a curious fact that all three of these comedians invariably get their fun and fascinate their spectators through the medium of one character: the poor simp. In England he would be, as in the Simple Septimus type by William J. Locke, a gentleman, probably a university man, helpless, footling, and lovable. In America he is lowlier in station, the mere boob of the village or the small town. He is picked upon, if not abused, by every one. He is dreadfully awkward, tragically innocent, dismally neglected and alone. Girls laugh at him, smart young fellows make him more and more of an easy mark. Everything he attempts turns contrary, and lands him in humiliating disaster. The forces of nature combine against him; animals and insects defeat him; he trips over shadows, and gets half drowned in a rain-drop. In the end he performs miracles of courage, displays more intellect

Courtesy of Pathé

Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman" falls under the feet of the mighty

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than all his tormentors combined, wins a fortune with his left hand, the while his right arm is encircling the waist of the prettiest girl of them all.

What is the reason for the popularity of this one character? Does each of us see himself therein? Does each fancy himself unjustly abused by a mocking world; do we nurse the notion that—if we but had the opportunity to show it—we might unmask and appear in true guise: a potential millionaire, a sparkling wit, a terrible fighter, and a great lover, all concealed and unknown under the cover of one hat? Or is it a more generous emotion which makes us enjoy the triumph of the poor simp? Do we love to see the under dog slowly emerging and about to scatter the big bow-wows who have hitherto occupied the top of the heap?

Whatever the cause, we rock with mirth, sometimes we nearly weep, to see Charley Chaplin sitting forlorn in his shawl under the snows of the Klondike; to see the incredibly fresh Freshman of Harold Lloyd invariably displaying his worst asininities in the very face of the dignified Dean of the College; and to witness the wan Buster Keaton pathetically offering his frail figure as a cowboy, and finally reduced—in a world which cruelly ignores him—to an almost heart-breaking friendship with a mooley-cow.

Madrigals and Jazz

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A WEEK ago last Saturday I had two pleasant experiences that led me to ask myself if those pessimists who deplore the passing of the "good old times" may not have some justification for their lamentations. One experience was auricular, the other ocular. But before I describe these experiences let me explain a little.

Those—if there are any such—who do me the undeserved honor of reading my Outlook articles more or less consecutively will remember that two weeks ago I took issue with a contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" who seemed to feel that much of the charm has been taken out of European travel by the introduction of American labor-saving contrivances. The picturesque thatch-roofed cottage of the English agricultural village has been supplanted by hideous modern housing; the pretty sempstress stitching by candlelight, who prompted Hood's famous "Song of the Shirt," has been swallowed up in the electric sewing-machine; Millet's "Man with the Hoe" has been driven out by the Ford tractor dragging a McCormick reaper; the one-horse victoria and the *fiacre,* that used to make the drive along the Corniche Road on the Riviera a thing of such leisurely joy, have given place to the motor car and the motor bus, those modern dragons that, roaring and spouting fumes of monoxide gas, rush up and down seeking whom they may devour; the traveler in Italy no longer enjoys the picture made by the village washerwomen gathered at the brook—or river—side while they rub or beat his dress shirts on the rocks, but has to put up with the commonplace services of modern plumbing.

With complaints like these I have scant patience. I am perfectly willing to enjoy the conveniences of modern transportation and hotel life, provided the essential beauty of European scenery is not interfered with, although I am also willing to admit that modern industrial efficiency has gone too far when it builds a funicular railway up the Jungfrau and plasters the roadside with what we call billboards and what the English call hoardings.

But if the "Atlantic" critic had attacked the modern democratic movement towards social equality and efficiency on the ground that it produces mediocrity in certain phases of life I should have agreed with him. The two experiences of Saturday a week ago which I am about to relate confirm my feeling that James Bryce, that great authority on modern democratic and constitutional government, was right when he said that mediocrity was the greatest danger of democracy. On the Saturday afternoon referred to I saw some pictures and heard some music that made me gasp a little at the thought of what a "Main Street" civilization is doing to this country in the realm of good manners.

The pictures were a collection of portraits of political worthies who flourished in the city of New York more than two hundred years ago. I looked upon the features of Stephanus Van Cortlandt, the first native American to hold the honorable office of Mayor of the city of New York, a position which he held almost continuously for nearly twenty-five years. In his full-bottomed wig and his velvet robe he looks like an aristocrat, which he was in the best sense of the word. No conceivable wig or robe could convert Mayor Hylan or even Mayor-elect Walker into the stuff of which Mayor Van Cortlandt was made. There was underneath his wig and robe some element of breeding and education which our modern life for one reason or other lacks. Then there were the De Lanceys, one of whom was Chief Justice and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New York before the Revolution and one of the founders of Columbia University. The fact that the De Lanceys were Loyalists during the Revolution does not make their characters wholly despicable. The De Lanceys and the Van Cortlandts have left their impress on modern New York in the names of Delancey Street and Van Cortlandt Park.

There seems to be something besides going to public school and passing college board examinations that makes a well-rounded man. Perhaps it is that indefinable influence that we call breeding. The other evening when I was going out from New York in a suburban railway train a man sat down beside me in a seat of the smoking-car. He was prosperous looking and well dressed, but quite manifestly not a graduate of one of the great universities. There were evidences on the floor of the car that not all its occupants had strictly obeyed the hygienic ordinance against public expectoration. These evidences of unpleasant habits on the part of the traveling public prompted my seat-mate to explode into a diatribe on the bad manners of the modern New Yorker: "The scum of the earth live in New York nowadays," he sputtered. "I'm a horseman, and we breed horses not only for good points but for good manners. New York is full of dope-fiends and bootleggers and it's push and shove, push and shove everywhere. Why can't some of these big college experts take up the work of breeding men like horses?"

I explained to him that there was such a movement on foot, although I did not use the word "eugenics" lest he should

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think I was an unpractical highbrow. "Well," he replied, "they don't seem to have had much effect on manners yet. Why, last August I was attending a race meeting at Saratoga and saw a two-year-old filly sold for fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars! What made the buyer pay fifty thousand dollars for her? Because she was well bred, sir. Because she was well bred! Did you ever hear of a New Yorker worth fifty thousand dollars because he was well bred?"

I could not help thinking of this smoking-car conversation when I saw the portraits of the Livingstons, the Stevenses, the Warrens, the De Lanceys, and the Van Cortlandts who flourished in New York two hundred and more years ago.

After viewing these portraits I went to the Town Hall to attend a concert of "The English Singers," of London, who are now making a tour of this country. These English singers are a group of six artists, three men and three women, and they devote themselves to rendering without accompaniment old English, Italian, and French madrigals and folk-songs. I do not here speak of the artistic qualities of their performance, for this is not a musical criticism. But in passing I may say that it was the most charming and perfect singing of the kind which I have ever heard or conceived of. What I now wish to note is that I was struck by the contrast between the popular music in England and Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the popular music of the day in New York. I defy any one to hear these English musicians sing William Byrd's "Though Amaryllis Dance in Green," or Thomas Weelkes's "On the Plains," or Jacques du Pont's "Hot Chestnuts," or Henry Purcell's "Three Fairies," or Thomas Morley's "Now is the Month of Maying," and deny the mediocrity of such favorites of our cabaret programmes as "Lady, be Good," "Yes, Sir, that's My Baby," the "Charleston Blues," or "Riverboat Shuffle."

The other day, while going in a taxi-cab from one railway terminal to another in New York, we were obstructed by a shabby, slow-moving sedan which would not let us by. After blowing his horn ineffectually two or three times, the chauffeur of my cab leaned forward in his seat and shouted: "Keep over to the right, you delicatessen driver!" When we reached our destination, he apologetically explained that a "delicatessen driver" is a man who works in his shop all the week and takes his wife out in a "flivver" on Sunday, and therefore does not know much about the rules of the road. I observe that a distinguished clergyman has applied the same amusing simile to the church. A week ago the Rev. Dr. Harris Elliott Kirk, of Baltimore, preaching in the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York, is reported by the New York "Times" to have declared "that churches have fled from the downtown sections of cities to the suburbs, where they have become little more than religious delicatessen shops."

I am thus encouraged to adopt the same simile in discussing jazz. Some of it is really creative art, original and captivating. But I think that at least seventy-five per cent of jazz might fairly be called delicatessen music. I am perfectly willing to admit the advantages of modern American plumbing, but—to use the expressive vernacular of the day—modern American jazz, entrancing as the best of it is, has nothing on the English madrigals or the French and Italian folk-songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Agricola and the Doctors

Staff Correspondence from DIXON MERRITT

THE patient was the benefactress of all healers, of whatever school. There followed, therefore, a conglomerate consultation. Allopaths rubbed heads with herb doctors. The homeopath patiently compared prognoses with the voodoo man armed with conjure bag and "goopher-jack." The eclectic labored patiently with the Christian Scientist, the mental therapeutician with the chiropractor and with him who would heal by the laying on of hands in another sense. And a clergyman stood over them as moderator and director of the discussion method of procedure.

Hardly two of them were agreed as to causes and no two were agreed as to curative agents. They did recognize, all of them, the presence of two symptoms, but they could not decide whether these symptoms were independent or whether one was secondary to the other or, if so, which. They were unintelligible one to the others. They had no common tongue. When one spoke in the A B C of his particular technicality, the others accused him of being "highbrow," and such at times was the babel that it seemed as though the patient must die unless nature saved her, while the physicians sent out for a comparative philologist to make and define them a limited vocabulary for the interchange of views.

That seems, no doubt, from the plain words of it a silly performance, a demonstration of tolerance and of credulity beyond reason. It was no such thing. It was one of the most hopeful things that has occurred in many a long year, and the fact that these diverse doctors were willing to sit down and consult together and that they did agree, though on so minor a thing as a pair of symptoms, was a great achievement.

The patient was American country life—the rural family, the man and the woman and their brood in each of the six million farm homes of this country. The consultation of doctors was the eighth National Conference of the American Country Life Association, held recently in Richmond, Virginia.

The topic of that Conference was "Needed Readjustments in Rural Life To-Day." It was a subject out and away too big for any conference. Efforts were constantly made, after the discussion was actually begun, to delimit it, to lop off portions of it here and there, but it remained too large for effective handling. The handling was attempted by the so-called discussion method or open forum—no speeches, no papers, but a brief and free interchange of views.

The method is a good method, but the topic was much too big for it.

That statement is not my own, but that of the Field Secretary of the American Country Life Association, made at the end of the Conference, when he was trying to sum up its results. The Conference, the Field Secretary said, began in a hesitant mood, passed from that into a mood of confusion, from that into one of criticism, and finally, for the last four hours only of a four-day session, into a creative mood.

I want this last mood to stand squarely

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as the statement of an officer of the Conference and of the Association. I would not myself speak so caustically of a Conference in which I was present and participating—in the rôle, I am sure some of the others think, of the voodoo man with his "goopher-jack."

FAULT is to be found at two points. The Conference tackled a problem that human intelligence cannot at one sitting solve. It is a problem that human intelligence has tackled recurrently through thousands of years, and probably has never solved—the adjustment of agrarian life to a changing civilization tending to the urban and the industrial. In its present form the problem has been attacked by the best of American intelligence from some scores of angles within the past few years, and it remains no less a problem than it was at the beginning. How could a conference, any conference, hope to solve it in a session of four days or less?

The Conference did not have at hand for its guidance the information that has been amassed on the primary facts of agriculture and community life in the country. In consequence, there was constant groping and occasional friction over questions of fact when the time should have been given to the reaching of conclusions.

But I think the Conference achieved its great success—a success greater than could reasonably have been hoped for—without realizing it, and almost at the very beginning of the proceedings. After that nothing else very greatly mattered. The problem was not solved; there was never any ground for hope that it could be solved. But the problem was very clearly stated as a problem, and with such unanimity of voice that hereafter the man who would pooh-pooh it aside should stand revealed as ignorant of conditions in the United States.

Those two symptoms, earlier referred to as recognized by all that diversity of diagnosis, are these:

First, that the income of the American farmer and his family is too small; that he receives too narrow a slice of the ultimate price of his products; and that this is quite as true to-day as it was last year or the year before or at any time prior to the epidemic of optimistic talk to the effect that the agricultural crisis has passed.

Second, that the farmer's standard of living is too low in the United States; that he and his family have not enough of the things that an American family ought to have, whether material or intellectual or spiritual.

On the first of these the Conference was in absolute agreement. A single man held a half-hearted divergent view.

On the second also the Conference was in complete agreement as to the fact, though there was divergent opinion as to the cause. The predominant opinion was that standards of life are too low because the income is too small, because with his narrow strip of the price the farmer cannot buy for his family what they ought to have, and that the tendency toward constantly lowered standards will continue until the farmer receives a fuller and, as the Conference thought, fairer return upon his efforts. There was a minority opinion that standards of living—or of life, as the programme stated the question—do not much depend upon size of income, that larger income might not greatly raise them, and that the needed readjustment here must be made in other ways.

NOW, farmers themselves have repeatedly asserted during the past few years that the farmer's income is too small and that his standards of living tend to fall too low. Those who, in one way and another, represent the farmer have said the same things quite as often. But this was the testimony of interested witnesses, the official of the farmers' organization not less interested than the farmer himself. There was reason enough why the man who did not actually know should question the testimony as to bias.

A company of expert witnesses with no reason for bias has now corroborated the testimony of the farmer and of the farmer's representative. They are economists, sociologists, psychologists, masters of social science in its various phases, largely professors in the educational institutions of the country and research workers in these and other dependable institutions; a group as devoted to deliberate thought and thorough investigation as any that could be found in the United States. It is still just barely possible that, despite such unanimity of judgment, they may be wrong, but it is not possible that their testimony can be taken lightly and brushed aside, as many men have been inclined to do with the testimony of the less scholarly witnesses.

The problem is stated. The solution was never for the Conference. It is for the country. It may be the finding of means for liberalizing the income of agriculture. It may be the abandonment of agriculture to its fate, the avowal of a frank purpose to make this purely an industrial country, with only such fragments of agriculture remaining as can survive inadequately recompensed.

The Conference, however, went on the assumption that the solution is to be found in adjustment, in bringing about a situation in which the diligent farmer can receive a liberal enough income, and can, consequently, maintain a standard of living such as is compatible with American citizenship.

Toward bringing about such an adjustment the Conference did find, with difficulty, some hopeful means.

AFTER discussion in the general conference and in special groups until the morning of the last day, the Conference divided into four sections—one on education, one on the development of community consciousness, one on cooperative movements and organizations, and one on religion. These four sections came together again and reported their findings to the whole body.

The section on education brought back to the full Conference the declaration that primary rural schools should devote more attention to teaching the children the duties and privileges of life in the community; that the lower grades should not confine themselves to preparation for the higher, but should teach something of citizenship and something of economics and something of subjects touching every-day life; that there should be insistence upon teachers better prepared, not only in technical branches of education, but in the requirements of rural life; that primary instruction should be made more of a thought process than an institutional process; that school terms should be longer; that exceptions to compulsory attendance should not be made in order that the farmer's child may help with the farm work, since his education is as essential as that of his more fortunate neighbor; that there should be wider knowledge and wider use of the benefits of the Smith-Lever and Smith-Hughes Acts.

The section on religion was like-minded. It told the full Conference that religion is community welfare, that preachers and religious leaders are required who are better trained not merely in the technique of the pulpit but in the requirements of rural community life, preachers and leaders who see religion not merely as a church-going affair but as a part of daily life and related to all the problems of the family and the community.

I thought that the substance of these two reports was excellently prestated the night before by a university president who said, "We must have rural teachers and rural preachers who are rurally minded."

The section on community consciousness found that the stimulus to progress

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ought to come from inside the community, but that outside stimulation is sometimes necessary, and that, after all, the inside or outside genesis of it does not greatly matter so long as the community finds a way of doing the thing which is its own way. The section believed that service organizations should strive for definite relationship between agencies for the common good, that the local community must never lose sight of its duty to and its dependence upon broader communities, and that there may be danger of developing community consciousness to the point of self-sufficiency and constriction.

Community co-operation, the section which had that subject in charge found, should be not merely co-operative marketing but should extend to all community activities, should afford a means for education for the farmer and his family in matters of the daily work, and should develop points of contact with outside influences and agencies.

This is a composite prescription. Those diverse doctors who wrote it did so hesitatingly, knowing that it is not an instant cure, that it is hardly an immediate palliative, but hoping that in the long run it may restore American country life to good health, and that it may also act as a preventive of some ills not yet contracted. Those who believe in the efficacy of cure-alls will snort at it. But this can be said for the prescription: It does not call for "dope," and what it does call for will probably prove to be good medicine if faithfully taken.

Faith and Science

In which a Catholic school-teacher and a Protestant minister continue to discuss the bounds of knowledge and the power of belief

The Hope of the Church

And the Riddle of Existence

I WONDER why your correspondent Wofford T. Duncan is so enthusiastic for what he calls science and so distrustful of what he thinks "Romanism" clings to. May I ask what he means by "science"? Does he mean indisputable knowledge?

How much indisputable knowledge has his *science* been able to pack into his head concerning the questions which the majority of mankind are most interested in? Is he not the victim of a kind of verbal superstition?

Scientia was the Latin word for knowledge. Science is its English form. Does it mean something that *scientia* did not mean to St. Paul or St. Augustine or St. Thomas Aquinas or Roger Bacon or Newton? Well, as all true philosophers are wont to say, we must make a distinction. A priest named Copernicus proved that the earth goes around the sun. Newton proved that all the material universe is held together by the force of gravitation. Here we are dealing with proved knowledge. We know things that Aristotle did not know, that St. Thomas did not know.

Very well. But what has heliocentricity, what has the force of gravitation, to do with what the mass of men consider the riddle of existence?

I buried what was mortal of my father and mother not long ago, and I attended the obsequies of my grandparents a little while before the burial rites of my parents. And where my forebears sleep in the little God's acre of my old home town there is a little plot of ground for me. In a very short time I shall lie down to sleep with them, "in the hope of a happy resurrection."

Now my complaint against "science" is just this: It does let me make a kind of accurate guess as to how the sun dances and the moon gives her light and the stars are held together in the sky. But I am growing old; and

Those I loved, the loveliest and the best,
That from the vintage rolling time has prest,
Have drunk their cups a round or two before
And, one by one, crept silently to rest.

The world is still shining with a kind of light, but it is not so blessed as the light which faded from the faces of my beloved. I have read every word I could lay my hands on that was written by "science." It tells me nothing that will be of interest to me after I shall have gone to sleep with my kindred. It is silent as to any future for me after the worms have supped on the flesh which the undertaker will put down into that grave beside my father and mother. Not one word, not one syllable.

But the Church at which your correspondent shies his verbal bricks tells me there is reasonable hope that I shall exist after my bones are dust. He thinks the Church is too slow in yielding to new truth in science. Perhaps the slowness would not bother him so much if he would remember the number of mare's-nests which pseudo-science has palmed off on a gullible world. And if we look on life *sub specie æternitatis*, why should we worry whether we know or do not know how our bodies were made out of the dust? Why all this fuss as to whether we were ten billion years or ten minutes in the making? The Church bids us hope that we shall be with our beloved dead and all the noble living and the noble dead forever if we with lofty purpose love God and our neighbor. Then why not let churchmen work in their own way to keep up that hope? Let the "scientist" do what he can to make our little life here as free from pain as possible. Also don't hastily jump to the conclusion that the churchman is less wise than the scientist even if his methods are not according to our prejudices.

Men like Mr. Duncan, who probably have no more science than I have, make me laugh when they use ambiguous terms like "evolution." Evolution makes just as staggering assumptions as theology does. What evolutionist ever went out into the blue of heaven far enough to see God working on star-fire—far enough, I mean, to see him with these eyes of flesh? Yet evolution must assume that Omnipotent Power worked for unmeasurable eons. We come by either route to that staggering wonder, man. "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! . . . the

In next week's issue

Don C. Seitz

for more than twenty-five years Manager of the New York "World," handles without gloves the relations of

Protestants, Catholics and Jews

to our American democracy

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beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

The Church takes man as it finds him, as Shakespeare found him. It says he has an immortal soul; it says he may enjoy the beatific vision forever.

I met a scientist last summer at Block Island. He was a graduate of Harvard back in the days when electivism ran riot there. He said that he never "took" anything there but science. He was the only member of his family alive. The others had all gone out by the suicide route. He did not know but that he might choose the same route. He had some virtues and almost a fatal charm. But he declared absolutely that he did not believe even in his own existence.

There is a saying of our Lord Jesus Christ to the penitent thief: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." I take it literally; and I am blood-brother of the penitent thief. I have sinned, but I hope to be forgiven and to be saved. The atheists sneer at my belief; the agnostics shrug; the rationalists manifestly sneer. But there is a clear voice saying, *"Some day* thou shalt be with me in paradise."

Your correspondent doesn't like the Paulists any too well. He makes the usual slam at the Jesuits. Well, I imagine the Paulists and the Jesuits can take care of themselves.

But suppose your correspondent should find, when he digs down a little deeper, that the Paulists and the Jesuits, like Newman and Manning, and some others more recently, found more logic on the other side—suppose it should be found, after all, that theology had a better right than "science" to make some statement as to what shall happen when we move out of the shadows and appearances into reality. May it not be possible that his pitying of the Catholic way is a little premature? Absolute truth as clear as the demonstrations of geometry is a rather scarce article. There is some proof that we are men; there is not much evidence yet that our ancestors were honest-to-God monkeys. There is some hope that we shall live beyond death. There is darned little light thrown on the riddle of existence by the heliocentric theory or the bent rays of Einstein. When it came to the final dissolution, my father, who could neither read nor write, looked on life at least as sensibly as the suicide chap who was at Harvard when the star of Eliot was burning most brightly. I think there was a more comfortable philosophy found in the saying of his rosary than there was in that kind of science. And, in conclusion, suppose the truth should be with the Paulists and the Jesuits and all the defenders of the Catholic method, in spite of what looks like queer antics to your correspondent. Suppose, in the last analysis, that the extreme caution of Catholicism against atheism and skepticism is justified by results. Possibly it adds as much to human happiness, and even to human culture, as the craze for every novelty that is labeled science.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL-TEACHER.

Rome, Methodism, and Intellectual Honesty

An Open Letter in Reply to the Methodist Pastor

IT seems to me that before one attempts to expose the "deceit of the Jesuits" in their so-called endeavor to appear sympathetic to Modernism and science, while at the same time adhering to mediævalism, as does your correspondent in the issue of October 21, it might be well for him to look within his own Church and there behold a similar device of shrewdness and cleverness. I wonder how many ministers of Methodism hold absolutely to a belief in every assertion of the Apostles' Creed, including the virgin birth, the resurrection of flesh *(sarkos),* and the descent of Christ into Hades, and how many accept these with "mental reservations." Do all who utter this confession of faith believe in the actual resurrection of Christ, or do some dissolve this mystery into a mere psychological experience of the disciples?

In other words, how many ministers resort to "mental reservations" and "interpretations" in order to hold their place among scientific thinkers, and yet by actually uttering the words of the confession lead the faithful within their churches to think that they actually believe what they say they believe when they confess the creed of the Church? This scheme among compromising, ambitious Protestants (who incidentally seek to emphasize the supremacy of *ethics* in religion) makes the so-called "Jesuitical subtleties" fade into a mist of insignificance! Does Methodism fear lest Rome may gather into the Papal fold and ecclesiasticism those thinking people whom its Protestant ecclesiasticism might hope to "get" if it had so strong a historic or intellectual justification for existence as Rome?

I am not defending Rome. I accept neither her theological nor her episcopal system. But it is utterly disgusting to find her criticised by men who seem to be reading their own methods into the action of the hierarchy. The brilliance of the Jesuit scholars is something that Protestantism has been foolishly ignoring. Modernism, puffed up with its intellectual conceit, has been willing to accept the dogmas of science instead of a "thus saith the Lord" as the criterion of faith, and at the same time wishes to give a pretense of faith in order to refrain from startling its conservative adherents.

The attitude of the Vatican toward Modernism is sufficiently definite to warrant no confusion in the thinking of people who wish to think. It is, moreover, as unfair to hold modern Rome responsible for mediæval blunders as it would be to reproach the modern Protestant churches for their former belief in witchcraft. It is true that Rome never changes, but this unchanging quality is confined to her theological and episcopal systems and to her thirst for dominion. Her views in other fields, however, are optional so long as they do not interfere with the essentials of her religion. She has sense enough to make religion paramount, instead of letting the Church fawn at the feet of men who are worldly wise. One may rest assured that every Roman priest and the sincere layman accept every article of every creed they confess with their lips, and accept them *without mental reservations!*

The death-knell of Protestantism and of all its ambitious, self-seeking sectarian organizations, with their human power and human authority and cleverly wrought out political scheming for attaining additional prestige and power, is being sounded. And this is fortunate for the cause of Christian faith. Sectarian ambitions have eclipsed the message and will of Christ and have aided to frustrate the prayer of Jesus that his disciples be all united in him. Protestants are challenged and dared to surrender their petty ecclesiastical ambitions and aspirations and their Pharisaical self-esteem, and in humility to bow before the absolute authority of Jesus Christ. If all Christians would overthrow the authority of the clergy (Protestant and Catholic alike) and accept the supreme authority of Christ alone, the glorious Church of Christ would be the mighty power that it should be and the kingdom of God would be realized on earth. Until this actually takes place the world is void of hope.

FREDERICK J. GIELOW, JR.
First Christian Church,
Springfield, Massachusetts.

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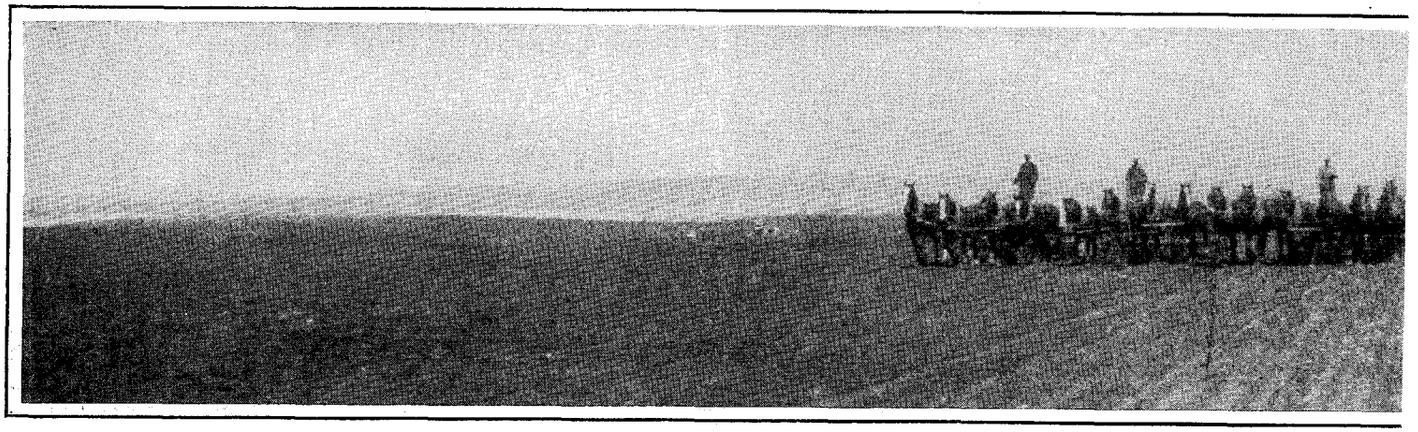


Fort Pitt Ranch, near Calgary, owned and farmed by an An

The Cavalr

By GEOR

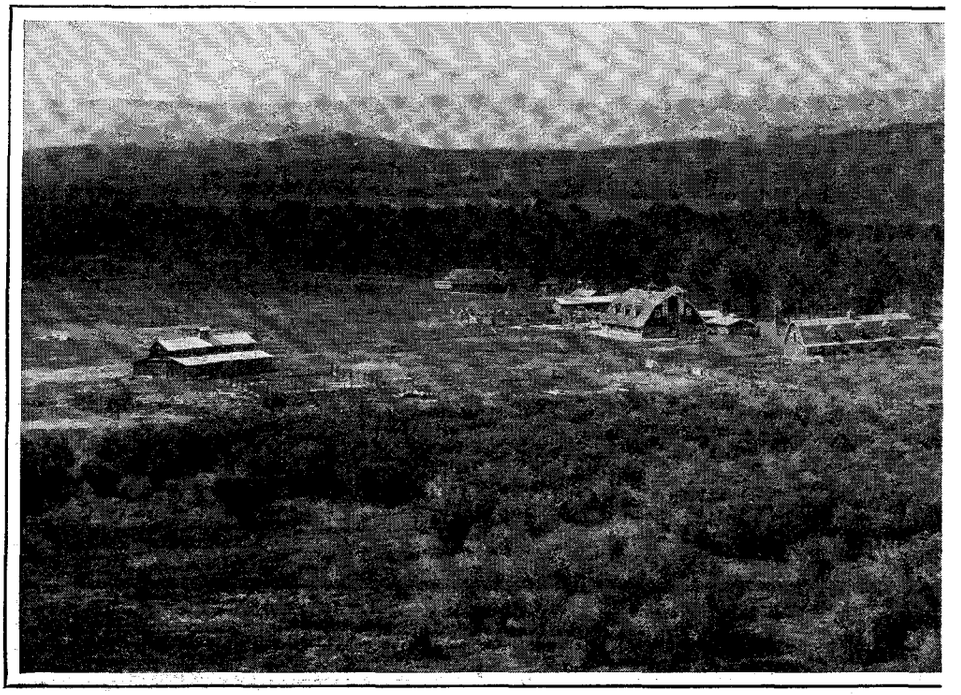
The City of the No

IT was along in the elementary eighties that St. Paul, Minnesota, first invented the winter carnival of sports which has since become the annual renaissance of many communities that formerly hibernated from the first snowfall to the first crocus. St. Paul overdid it. She built palaces of ice almost as imposing as her State Capitol, and the whole town turned itself out in the costume that the Hudson Bay Company had for many generations found most appropriate to trap other fur-bearing animals in when the thermometer sulked below zero. The train announcer at the station and the progenitors of St. Paul "red caps" sweated freely in blanket costumes. The stenographer came to work in moccasins, carrying her snowshoes under her arm, and young and old patriotically skated and skied about their several businesses. St. Paul became for a winter interval every year one big Christmas card. And the newspapers and the magazines popularized the pictures. The good people of Minnesota overdid it; overdressed the part. The result was that, in those pre-flivver days, the rest of the world concluded that St. Paul must lie beyond the Arctic Circle and be inhabited by American Eskimos. People used to be more shy of the cold than they are now, and St. Paul figured out that its well-staged winter pageantry lost many conventions and tourists and investors and plants. Accordingly, they ceased to surrender themselves each year to the winter carnival spirit and became a standardized city like unto all other cities.

Calgary, Alberta, gets "Stampeded" annually in much the same thorough way that St. Paul, more literally than it knew, used to get frost-bitten. Everybody goes out and buys himself—and a great many of herself—a huge sombrero hat with or without accessories. "Every citizen in Calgary should wear a cowboy hat during Stampede week," so runs the municipal exhortation in the daily press. During the week that is given over to the Stampede a lot of otherwise inoffensive citizens dispense with their collars and drape virulent bandanas round their necks; many of them go so far as chaps, and some unconscious Will Rogerses festoon themselves with meaningless rope. Calgary is nothing if not a unit in local patriotism. At the heart of all this masquerade lives and moves a kernel of verity in the cattle "outfits" which come in from Alberta ranches by cayuse and by wagon, but mostly by Ford, to see and to take active part in the competitive bronco-busting, "bull-dogging," "belly-aching," and free advertising of the week.

Representatives of these outfits, some of them actual pioneers, take part in the "grand parade, six miles long," which winds through the streets of Calgary by way of a picturesque curtain-raiser to the annual show. Crowds from other parts of Canada and the nearer States line the streets in holiday thousands to view a spectacle which is the utter expression of this arriving city of the Canadian Northwest; a city holding on to the vestiges of the wilder Western life that has died out of the States of corresponding longitude, traditions, and occupations, a city entirely but differently American. The parade this year was especially large, represented an unusual outlay in properties, and was particularly commemorative. It consisted of four parts: an enormous amount of bad riding, a large amount of advertising, the story of Calgary told in historical floats, and the Northwest Mounted Police.

The bad riding and the prevalence of costume correspond to the abandoned theatricals of St. Paul's Midwinter



The ranch of the Prince of Wales, sixty miles southwest of Calgary.

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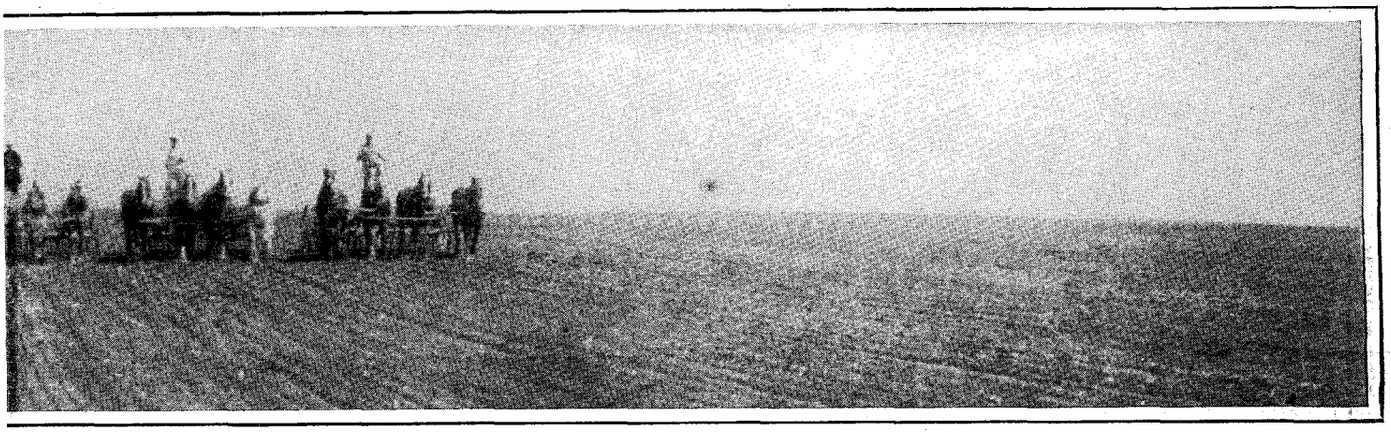


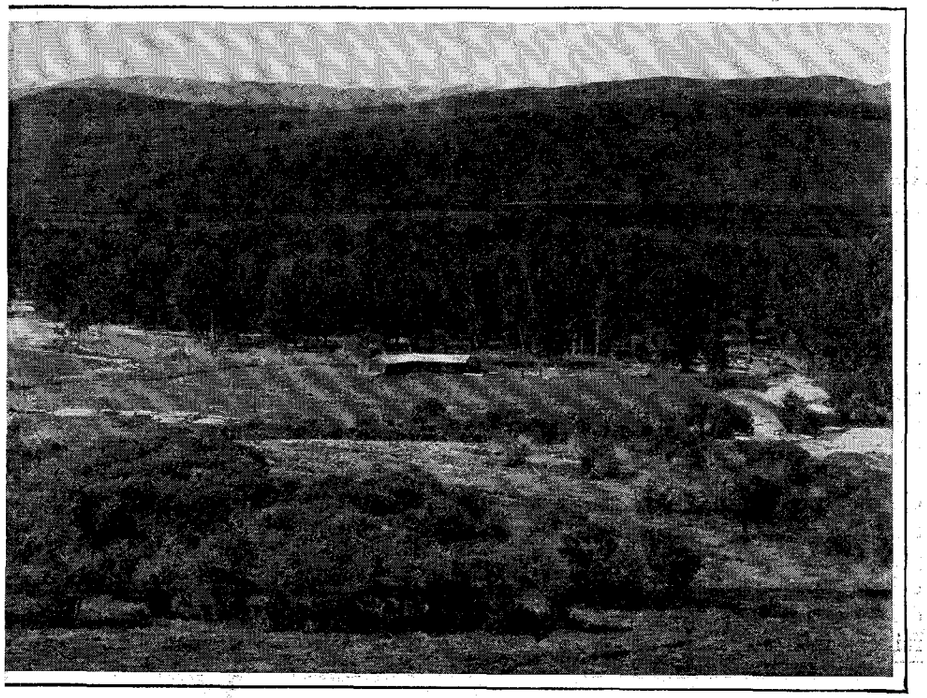
who came over the border to settle less than ten years ago

# of Calgary

MARVIN

est Mounted Police

Night's Dream. 'Taint so. Calgary invented the Stampede and hangs on to it for dear life, resenting meanwhile the infringements of copyright "staged" at Edmonton and places like Cheyenne across the neighboring border. Stampedes, Round-Ups, Rodeos—it's all the same thing: the perpetuation in spectacles for profit of the life that used to be characteristic of certain localities in the West. The most artificial of these was the mammoth "Rodeo" held in the new municipal Stadium at Chicago in August and advertised far and wide for weeks beforehand. It had nothing whatever to do with anything in Chicago, not even the stockyards, and was frankly promoted by the Association of Commerce to bring added thousands of tourists into the city and into the retail stores during the deadest midsummer season. It played its artificial part in the big enterprise of "selling Chicago" to the people. At Calgary the Stampede comes probably nearer to being a partial expression of the life and some of the actual interests of immediate territory than any of the other similar circuses that are now imported into localities once primarily interested in range cattle and the horsemanship that necessarily went with that occupation. The Prince of Wales is not the only ranch owner near Calgary who makes the cattle business pay. There are many other profitable ranches in southern Alberta, but Calgary, except during Stampede week, has ceased to be a cow town. And so the hundreds, or even thousands, of Calgarians in the big parade, wearing Stampede hats and other Wild Western paraphernalia, male and female after their kind, and stampeding more or less on horseback through the line of march, were not representative of the city of 1925. Though they rode roughly, they were not even faithful to the rough-riding Calgary of the days before "Tin Lizzie" captured the Northwest. Their masquerade corresponded to the Hudson Bay suits of the discarded Minnesota gospel according to St. Paul.



ok winds" make it possible to winter cattle out of doors in Alberta

But at the very head of the long Stampede column rode well and calmly a squadron of red-coated troopers, "desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses, scenting the battle from afar." These were the true cavalry of Calgary, a detachment of the world-famous Northwest Mounted Police, who just fifty years ago built at the confluence of the Bow and the Elbow the stockade fort which has now become a municipality of more than 70,000 inhabitants, the metropolis of Alberta and the largest city of Canada between the Great Lakes and the Pacific. The 1925 annual Stampede was, in fact, not so much a stampede as a jubilee in honor of the body of military police who have during that half-century enabled the entire Canadian West to grow and develop to its present prosperity in law and order. Some of the very same men who rode in the first exploring column over what are now the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to the Rockies, and on their way built Fort Calgary, rode again in this semi-centennial parade through the city they had founded in 1875. Even so fast moves American history both sides of the border and in much the same way. They were a fine-looking lot of veterans, they and their brethren of later enlistments, gathered together from all parts of the Dominion, the States, and across the seas. Provincial commissioners, mayors of towns, ranchmen and mine-owners, postmasters, farmers, a judge, and a minister of the Gospel among them, they were the city's guests of honor for one week. Calgary was theirs.

American history has moved very fast across the west during the fifty years of

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The wild and woolly Northwest comes to life in the annual "Stampede" at Calgary. This is no circus like the rodeos of the Southwest, commemorating a by-going era, but cowmen and girls and boys actually employed on the many cattle ranches in the immediate neighborhood of Calgary

Calgary's life. Floats in the parade graphically told the story in posed chapters. When the "Mounties" first rode into the valley of the Bow, they found there Father Doucet, of the French Catholic Mission, a solitary white man, teaching and converting the Blackfeet Indians. Father Doucet himself, hale and hearty at seventy-eight years of age, was on hand to smile at his understudy wobbling by on the historical float. Farther down the line came a lifelike effigy of the old "Countess of Dufferin," the Canadian Pacific locomotive—now forever asleep in the Royal Alec gardens at Winnipeg—which pulled the first train into Calgary in 1883. The identical engineer and fireman who first drove the "Countess" across Alberta sat in the cab of the black-painted effigy, ringing her old bell and tooting an irreverent fake whistle. First the Indians, then the voyageurs and adventurers from Quebec, then the fur-traders, the missionaries, the rum-runners with bad booze—anachronistic bootleggers—from across the border smuggling the beginnings of lawlessness, and then the Mounted Police bringing and administering the law. Less than ten years later into this defined community came the Dominion-building railroad that ushered in a new era of rapid colonization and expanding industries. Other floats in the parade, commercialized with frank advertising, told nevertheless in impressive pictures the more standardized story of the city's recent growth.

Calgary doesn't get much into the United States news except when the Prince of Wales side-tracks his special car there and detrains for his High River ranch, sixty miles out of town to the west, or when a "Royalite No. 4" well in the Turner Valley oil fields gushes 21,000,000 cubic feet of gas, forty-five miles out of town to the south. In Alberta these distances are suburban. When we think of Canadian provinces, we are apt to think of them in dimensions of States, so that it may be helpful to know that in Alberta, one of the smallest of the provinces of Canada, you could put all of the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and still leave plenty of room for Scotland and Ireland. All of Germany or all of France could be planted on Alberta with sufficient area remaining in either case wherein to stow Switzerland and Belgium. Of this vast territory Calgary is the commercial center; the agricultural, mining, oil, live-stock and dairying, flour-milling, beet-sugar, and railroad interests of the region between Winnipeg and the Rockies converge here. In such company the "cow" must hide his diminished head and the cowman, except in Stampede week, remove his undiminished sombrero. With a population equal to that of Shreveport, Louisiana, Calgary also means petroleum with "the most modern refinery in the world," the new $3,000,000 plant of the Imperial Oil, a Canadian subsidiary of the Standard, running full blast on crude oil supplied from Montana and the Turner Valley. Natural gas from the latter region and from Bow Island gives the city abundance of cheap fuel, and 31,000 horse-power of energy from the damming of the river Bow represents only the beginning of hydroelectric development. Perhaps the biggest boost in recent Calgary prospering is the effect of the western route for grain opening another door near at hand for the profitable marketing of Alberta's chief export. The short haul to Vancouver and the all-year-round port facilities there available have meant an additional five to eight cents a bushel on Alberta wheat. Multiply that by the fifty million bushels shipped last year over the Rockies to the Pacific, and you will comprehend one very good reason why the Calgary banks, its grain pit, its farm customers, its retailers, and its real estate agents—"realtor" is commonly regarded as a

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Mexican derivative from the two Spanish words *real*, meaning royal, and *toro*, meaning bull—smile annually more broadly under their own unstampeded hats.

Calgary fell into line with most other American cities of its own or greater size with the advertising floats which brought up the rear of the line devoted to the annual resurgence of its romantic ranching past. To tell again the story the advertisements told would be to lapse into the *patois* of selling which Calgary, in common with all other American cities, fluently speaks. But it seemed at least to one unsold bystander most significant of Calgary's personality and its distinctive character that the harmless bluff of the bad riding, the dumb-show of the historical pageant, and the creditable bluster of the big businesses all fell in behind a squadron of calm-faced horsemen and did them honor.

The dramatic identity of the Northwest Mounted Police has become familiar in "Saturday Evening Post" fiction and their distinctive uniform has been flashed over the country in melodramatic movies. Their solid accomplishment remains comparatively unknown outside of the Canadian Northwest. As a body they are only one year older than the city of Calgary, which they founded. In the span of one man's lifetime the city and the fruitful, almost boundless, territory which it dominates have grown from a nomadic community of buffalo-subsisting Indians, through the successive eras of fur-traders, ranchers, railroad builders, farmers, and city makers to the present sophisticated and standardized cosmopolis which unites the Americas of English speech and customs in one neighborhood. Through these rapid successive changes the commonwealth built itself up by new accretions of men and money, by enterprise, and by profitable experiences some of which were setbacks. Its history has been much like that of our own Northwestern States, but with this notable difference: Calgary has grown from its birth under a strong, efficient, and incorruptible administration of the law. All its fifty years have been more western than wild. It has had no periods of disorder to survive. The Northwest Mounted Police have kept the peace within its gates and far beyond. And they have kept it these fifty years, over a vast, sparsely populated region which knew no law except that enforced by them, with a body of men which has never exceeded six hundred. Over much of the lonely empire they ruled conditions are now changing so as to depend less upon their organization. They were for the frontiers. In February, 1920, they were amalgamated with the Dominion Police of the older eastern provinces, the combined force now known officially as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. "Northwest," however, will always cling to the red coats, the blue yellow-striped breeches, the smart equipment, horsemanship, and morale which have served as the unattained models for state constabulary elsewhere in America and abroad.

In the record, the reputation, and the traditions of the Northwest Mounted Police the city of Calgary shares more intimately than any other municipality. In civic ways it continues to live up to their standards. Thoroughly American in many ways, it is almost un-American in its observance of a law-abiding and orderly life. Even its annual Stampede cannot upset its steadfastness. Calgary will do well to keep the cavalry at the head of its procession into the future, faithful to the traditions of the men who rode always forward—"horsemen riding upon horses, clothed in scarlet and gold."

Aristide Briand

By ERNEST DIMNET

A churchman's view of the anti-clerical French leader who, with the downfall of Caillaux, moves back into the limelight again

M. BRIAND is, along with M. Viviani, M. Tardieu, and of course M. Clemenceau, one of the few French statesmen well known to Americans. They were able at the Washington Conference to come in personal contact with him, and many of them felt his magnetism without being blind to his shortcomings.

M. Briand started in life as a Socialist agitator. He was born in 1862 in the busy seaport of Saint-Nazaire, familiar to most American soldiers. There were fairies no doubt around his cradle, but how gingerly they must have come in at the upper windows of the "haunt of brawling seamen" which the child's mother was keeping! No day passes without some political opponent of M. Briand's reminding him of the humbleness of his early surroundings as well as of a youthful escapade unpleasantly at one with the loose atmosphere habitual in such places. M. Briand is in his manners and speech one of the most refined types any democracy can show, but there is still, and there always will be, something bohemian about him which he cannot shake off. This fascinating conversationalist, the delight of princesses' drawing-rooms, has never learned to dress properly; this comfortable *bourgeois* still lives in queer bachelor's quarters. A Foreign Office gentleman once, bringing him some papers for signature, found him in bed, happily watching the bright noon sun, but he had to take the papers away unsigned; there was neither pen nor ink on the premises. So it was almost natural that after a course of education at the Nantes Lycée and Law School, in which the lad showed a wonderful capacity for quick work and an equally wonderful capacity for idleness, he should make a strange choice at his entrance in life. He went to Paris and joined the Socialist Party.

Thirty years' familiarity with Socialism have bred contempt or, at all events, indifference for it. But towards 1890 things were different. Socialism appeared as the vague but dreadful anticipation of what was to be actually realized in the Bolshevism of 1918. Sanguinary riots accompanied every strike, and strikes were supposed to be both the image and the preparation for the final Great Strike, after which the proletariat would seize power. Two young barristers of great promise, M. Millerand and M. Viviani, who had joined Socialist *milieus* just before M. Briand, did little else than defend strike leaders before the courts, and M. Briand was more than once a strike leader himself. These young *bourgeois*, lending the resources of their brains to revolutionists, were regarded with horror by all except their adherents.

Yet in his own party M. Briand was known to be much more of the Artful Dodger than anything else. He even then showed a preference for handling

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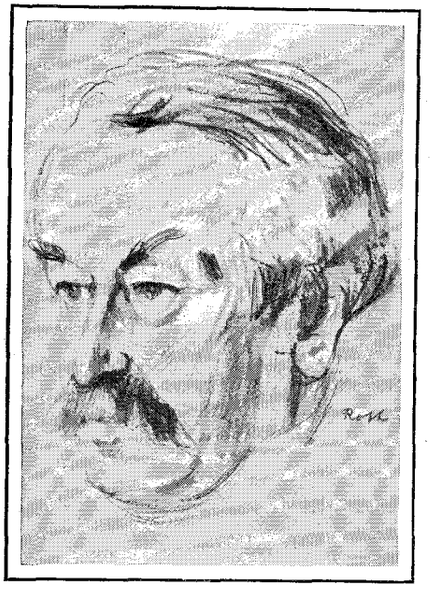
men rather than questions, and men can only be handled by tactful intelligence. There would arise frequent strifes among the Socialist organizations, and M. Briand stood in every case for adjustments rather than for excommunications. An opportunist, some people began to call him; a practical, clear-headed fellow, others said. But everybody was agreed that, with his deep 'cello voice and his gift for persuasion, he was a type of revolutionist that had not so far been met with, a man who could preach wisdom to crowds which had never heard of anything except violence, and one whose flexibility would be sure to be admired even if it caused surprises. Nobody was much shocked when M. Briand became editor of "La Lanterne," a Radical daily in the *bourgeois,* not the Socialist, sense —that is to say, secured the best plank he could walk upon to pass from agitation over to decent reformism. A year later he was in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Briand we have long been familiar with dates from that election. To reproach M. Briand with having begun as a Socialist now seems as irrelevant as to reproach him with having begun as a boy. The moment he was in the Chamber, in more congenial surroundings than those he had known so far, he could indulge in his real propensities and treat himself to the half-tints of moderation. A rare chance was offered him almost immediately to do so under circumstances which to a man less gifted in tolerance would have appeared trying. He was appointed to report on the most vexed question of that period, the separation of Church and State, which had been mooted by Clemenceau twenty-five years before, but which no Government had dared tackle. To be brutal in this difficult severance might have roused a Catholic country to rebellion; to be too much on the side of the clergy would have been sure to anger the anti-clerical majority. The separation ultimately resulted in a good deal of scandalous confiscation, and it was certainly being initiated and pushed by men who hoped that the moment the State ceased to give a pittance to the clergy the Church would collapse economically; but M. Briand managed to be in turns the champion of both sides and to leave an impression that his sole object was to insure their freedom and legitimate rights to the Church as well as to the State. Many churchmen approached him during the discussion of the bill. They were surprised to find him infinitely more debonair than he had been depicted, and that was the time when he himself acquired that partiality for clerics which puzzles so many people. This contrast between his political creed and the moderation with which he championed it produced the usual effect on people accustomed to think in categories, and Briand the liberal was promptly lionized by fair ladies in châteaux and mansions.

In 1906 M. Briand was for the first time in the Cabinet, and since then he has so seldom been left out of successive administrations that his absence cannot total more than four or five years altogether. He was Prime Minister four times, and in 1912–13 he acted as Vice-President of the Cabinet under the Premiership of M. Poincaré. No Frenchman has had more political experience, none is so naturally thought of as a possible Premier by members of the Chambers used to the politicians' point of view.



Aristide Briand

In office M. Briand has often seemed to be the French counterpart of Mr. Lloyd George—that is to say, he has united willfulness with his natural flexibility. But where Mr. Lloyd George dazzles by the promptitude, and often by the apparent contradiction of his decisions, M. Briand uses his indolent and ostensibly detached fascination while insisting all the time on being followed. Both men are equally ignorant, equally indifferent to books, equally skillful at getting information first hand, and equally clever at concealing their resolve to be obeyed. M. Briand, the former Socialist, was more insistent than anybody else to reinforce the French army when, in 1912, it appeared certain that a war was in the air, and he passed the Three Years' Service Law, in spite of the opposition of his friends. He was equally assertive in 1913 in his conviction that vote by constituencies—"in stagnant pools," as he termed it—ought to be replaced by vote extended to regions. Finally, M. Poincaré was right in reminding him, on March 8 [1924], that in 1921 he and Mr. Lloyd George "sent the sheriff to Germany" and occupied Düsseldorf on much slighter provocation than the long course of evasion which led to the occupation of the Ruhr. Yet nobody seems to be so indifferent to the exercise of power as M. Briand. He seldom appears to mind what is said about him, and he has always enjoyed his releases from responsibilities. Extraordinary to say, this great politician is the leader of no party, so when he leaves office he feels no burden of any kind on his shoulders and can indulge his indolence as the younger Pitt used to do.

He has a handsome farm in Normandy, a good bed in Paris, and, when he is so minded, he can command a luxurious cabin in a rich friend's yacht. These recreations, varied by occasional appearances at the Chamber, where he never gives himself any unnecessary exertion, make him fresh for another term in office.

But is this philosophicalness only a veneer? Of late years M. Briand has experienced a few failures more bitter than mere political misadventures. His war policies—at Salonika, at Athens, in Rumania—were what war policies generally turned out to be prior to the summer months of 1918, viz., praiseworthy attempts followed by no particular success. This is not all. The Cannes Conference resulted in something ominously like a humiliation, and the memories of the other Conference at Washington cannot be pleasant. The warm welcome which Americans gave M. Briand and the admiration they showed for his talent and personal fascination may have blinded him at the time to the real state of affairs; but he must have found out later how ridiculously he had let himself be misguided by the prophecy in the "Matin" that "England at the Conference would stand in the dock while France sat on the bench beside America." Hence an irritability which used to be entirely foreign to M. Briand's nature.

Is this strange conversion, at such a crisis, mere ambition? A futile question for whoever knows a politician's psychology. M. Briand always thought that it was better for France, as it is better for himself, that the governing party should be the Radical anti-clerical party, which, being radical, can afford to be moderate in office—sometimes, when M. Briand is Prime Minister.

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"Let My People Go"

By FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

A painful article on the American Indian for sentimentalists to read—a good article for any one to whom a fact does not give a headache

AN educated Indian, recently deceased, was wont to lament eloquently the wrongs of his people, and in particular to portray the Bureau of Indian Affairs as having reduced the Indian to a condition of slavery likened to that of the Children of Israel in the land of bondage. The fiery spirit of the indomitable savage combined with the address and diction learned in the school of the white man made memorable to every hearer his fervid denunciation, ending on the high note of impassioned appeal, *"Let my people go!"*

More practical in nature was the friend who made this rejoinder:

"Yes, my dear Doctor, let them go—but where?"

It is always easier to denounce a wrong than to remedy it; so the answer was not ready to this simple inquiry.

The episode illustrates the deep wells of sentiment over the Indian that lie near the surface of our National consciousness. How many gushers were brought in over the Bursum Bill! But the oil produced was crude indeed, needing much refinement before it could serve any useful purpose. Back of the great rush of feeling was but a surprisingly meager store of the intelligence that alone can keep such a movement from degenerating into unavailing sentimentality.

We all share more or less the dim feeling that our very presence on this continent wrongs the Indian. An irresistible movement of world population has domiciled a hundred and ten million people where a few hundred thousand were wont to roam and glean the precarious living of the savage from wood and stream and prairie. The stone age is over. H. G Wells has not perfected the reverse technique of his Time Machine, so we cannot expect to see the white Americans vanish like wraiths, while the buffalo returns to the unbroken plains and the deer to the virgin forest. Only the poet's fancy can accomplish the miracle.

We come to the real gist of the problem. We love to look with the poet or artist at the beautiful vanished past, wreathed in romance; we shrink from confronting actual facts and from doing the hard, every-day, and practical work of setting things right and keeping them so. We may echo the cry, "Let the Indian go!" but not one in a thousand of us will trouble to find out for himself where the Indian stands now, where he is destined to go, or what are the forces that are leading or pushing him in that direction.

FIRST of all, there are hundreds of Indian problems rather than one—literally hundreds of tribes, hundreds of languages. The Pueblo Indians, for example, have kept up some fifteen different tongues, each spoken by a few hundred people, through all these centuries that they have lived side by side. A sign language grew up to serve the needs of communication among the tribes that met on the plains in hunting the buffalo; but these were, after all, only a part of the red race. Differences in occupation are even more notable. The farmer, the fisherman, the shepherd, the trapper, the weaver—all have their representation in different parts of the country. The simple Pima farmer has little in common with the marauding Apache whose raids used to threaten his crops. And among individual Indians there are as great divergences as may well be imagined, ranging from the Senator from Kansas, say, to some discontented Mexican Kickapoo lying on the dirt floor of his smoky wickiup in a foggy dream induced by peyote.

These vast differences of origin, habits, and history have their reflection in a tortuous complexity of legal status. Whether created by evil necessity or by paternalistic emotion, treaties have succeeded treaties and laws have been heaped upon laws. A fair summing up would, I believe, tip the scale somewhat on the side of good rather than evil intent. Of the judgment that has informed the actions rather less can be adduced. Some of the best intentions have had least happy results.

The popular belief that citizenship was the remedy for all Indian ills took shape in the General Allotment Act of 1887, known as the Dawes Act, which authorized the parceling out of the reservations into individual allotments for individual Indians. For twenty-five years the land was to be held in trust for the Indian owner, untaxable and inalienable without the consent of the United States; in a quarter of a century, grown accustomed to the new idea of private ownership of land, he would assume the responsibility of ownership in fee. But the fact of allotment made him a citizen, a sharer in managing the affairs of the Nation, while yet unprepared to manage his own real estate.

Here indeed was an endeavor, and undeniably a well-meant one, to let these people go. But as allotment went on during the succeeding decade it was discovered that citizenship freed the Indian from the restrictions that had been made to keep intoxicating liquors away from him. After varying decisions in lesser courts, the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1905, decided that the law could not forbid the sale of liquor to a citizen Indian.

BUT Indians and white men had long since agreed that whisky was bad for the Indian; and in the granting of citizenship Congress had by no means meant to abrogate the long series of laws and treaties which had forbidden the sale of liquor to an Indian or its introduction into his country. The Burke Act, passed in 1906, and bearing the name of the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, then Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, was designed to remedy this situation. It provided that citizenship should be withheld from the Indian until the trust period on his land was at an end.

Of course, a large body of Indians had already become citizens by virtue of having received their allotments. They remained citizens, and their children were born to citizenship. Other acts granted citizenship to the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes and the Osage Nation. Provision was made by the Burke Act for the granting of patents in fee and citizenship to Indians who proved competent to manage their own affairs. Various special acts operated to increase the large number of citizen Indians, and in 1924 Congress laid the matter forever at rest by granting citizenship to all Indians born in this country. This it did over the protest of a number of tribes that desired to preserve their independent nationality, and incidentally their exemption from taxation.

As a matter of fact, just as the white

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man is notoriously indifferent about his right to vote, so citizenship has seemed a burden to many an Indian, and exemption from taxation a much more tangible good than the right to cast a vote. Many Indians quite capable of managing their property have resisted the proposal to give them certificates of competency and patents in fee to their land.

All this story of allotment and citizenship indicates in what direction Congress hopes to have the Indian go. It is the "white man's road"—just the way of the ordinary self-respecting and self-supporting citizen who needs no special treatment from his country. Special laws for the Indian indicate the belief that he is not yet ready to go unaided.

A body of well-meaning people protest most bitterly against this whole assumption. We must not deprive the Indian, they say, of his ancient heritage of tradition and custom, nor interfere with his primitive mode of living. We must preserve his arts and his industries, his ancient culture and beautiful ceremonial.

It is true, indeed, that primitive life has many beautiful features one regrets to lose. Our thought is the richer for them, our sense of beauty the keener. But a race cannot be kept in its infancy any more than an individual child. Inexorable time is our adversary.

The sound of the first Spanish gun upon the shores of a West Indian island marked the vanishing of a great era. From that day to this there has been no possibility of keeping the Indian untouched by the ways of the white man; there has only been the question of the degree of his assimilation of those ways. As weeds spread faster than flowers, it would be beyond human power to withhold from the Indian the ills of our civilization, though we might be able to deny him the benefits. We must act, not in the hope of restoring him his old wild life, but in the hope of giving him the best of the new mode of living. This is the theory upon which the bounty of food and implements, lands, schools, and hospitals has been bestowed.

EVERY Indian tribe has its conservative party which would cling to the old wild life, and its progressives who are ready to adopt the white man's ideas of education and industry and sanitation. There are the Cherokees who went with the other tribes to the Indian Territory and those still immured in a remote spot in North Carolina who refused to move. In the same way a remnant of the Seminoles still lingers in the Florida swamps, savage and yet inevitably dependent. The two branches of the Kickapoo tribe, one settling down half a century ago to agriculture on the Kansas prairie, the other clinging to a marauding existence along the Mexican border—these stories illustrate the variety of the problems. Is there any occasion for wonder that the settlers or soldiers or administrators who dealt with these questions in their earlier, acuter stages made many a mistake and perpetrated many an injustice? Or that Comanche or Apache or Cheyenne, no longer on the war-path or hunting the buffalo, still has a long way to travel before the effects of the days of strife shall pass?

JUST as among the Indian tribes, so among their white friends are those who would have them go forward and those who would have them go back. But they are less clear in mind as to the matter than is the Indian himself. They often ask for him freedom and continued protection in the same breath. We are besought to leave the Pueblo undisturbed in his ancient culture and at the same moment to surround him with a higher degree of education and sanitation, improved farm machinery, and systems of irrigation. We seem vaguely to expect that an Indian lad will come back from Johns Hopkins Medical School to dance in the kiva and pray for rain; or that his sister will specialize in domestic science at Simmons and return to the trampling out of grain on a dirt floor. It is such muddy pseudo-thinking as this that gave the spectacle, not long ago, of peaceful Pueblo Indians, decked out in Sioux war-bonnets and wrapped in machine-made Mexican blankets, appearing in Washington to plead for the preservation of their own tribal ways. The gods must have laughed at this—even the Tesuque rain gods.

The Indian himself sees through these pretenses. His reticences often hide a deep comprehension and a shrewd appraisal. If the white man would have him play at council, he will do so gravely enough, concealing his amusement. I once saw an old Indian of the pueblos reproduce in caricature his own performance as an outside attraction, a "barker," at a moving-picture show. There was a world of meaning in his pantomime. One gathered, too, his opinion of his audiences—falling somewhat short of adulation.

It would be well worth while to know the real Indian under his politic mask. The old Indian has a fine inscrutability; the younger generation is schooled in the white man's way and approximates much more nearly the white man's processes of thought. The old Indian fights against this change, but recognizes its inevitability none the less.

AND what have fifty years or more of Government tutelage done for the tribes? Have we given full measure of good for the old ways that are bound to disappear?

Largest among the influences that have been thrown about the Indian is the Government school system. Three types have developed through these years of experiment to meet three different sets of conditions. Among Indians of settled habitation the day school, with its direct contact with both the child and his home, adds to the teaching of any public school the instruction in simple housekeeping and industry that is so marked a need. Among tribes of a more nomadic way of life the reservation boarding-school grew up; here children are fed and taught and cared for nine or ten months of the year, spending half the day in the school-room and half in the industrial processes of the school. This work is less easy of adaptation to their camp life, to which they return in the summer; it is on a larger, more mechanical scale. But some effects cannot fail to remain; those who lament that the educated Indian "goes back to the blanket" present only part of the story.

The system culminates in the big non-reservation boarding-school, where several hundred boys and girls in their teens follow a rigidly supervised routine as different from the aimlessness of camp life as can well be. Here the boy becomes painter or printer or mechanic; here the girl learns housekeeping and sewing and typewriting and nursing.

CAN they, do they, carry all this back to their homes? Not all, of course; but the new generation knows a little more, does a little better, than the one preceding. We shall have cause for congratulation if this is true of the white race too.

At Carlisle, once the largest of the Indian schools, General Pratt's "outing system" involved the placing of Indian boys and girls in the homes of the whites for a portion of each year, that personal contact might teach its invaluable lessons of thrift and industry. To-day Carlisle as an Indian school is no more and the era of letting the Indian go is well upon us. But the closing of boarding-schools is bringing about the necessary contact through Indian attendance upon public schools. The pendulum has swung all the way around and has returned to its original position.

Schools were to train the children; landholding was expected to civilize the adult Indian. At first his friends anticipated that every Indian would become a farmer. But a human being is not a counter on a checker-board, and whole-

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A Chieftain of the Northern Plains

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sale solutions do not solve. Some have, indeed, become farmers. Many have become owners of valuable oil lands, their business administered for them by the United States. Many others have in the same way become landlords—landlords without a care, with a Government agent to manage their properties and collect their rentals. That the Indian is now lacking in initiative, in industry, in the sense of responsibility, is a direct result of this leasing system, which, with the best of motives, has proved a serious hindrance to development.

What incentive is there for the student returned from boarding-school to practice what he has learned? There is enough to support him without exertion; the Great White Father in Washington will not let him come to actual want.

So we teach the Indian to labor and encourage him to be idle; we thrust responsibilities upon him, see with dismay the effects, and remove them summarily. We meet his problems, not with intelligence, but with incoherent emotion. We are directing the course of three hundred thousand people without chart or compass. We are swept along by continued waves of popular sentiment. To-day we ride on the crest of a great wave of feeling; to-morrow we collapse feebly into the trough of indifference.

It is easy to draw up a stirring indictment; recently a tempest was raging about the Indian Bureau and the epithets "bureaucratic" and "oppressive" were on every one's tongue. But the Indian Bureau and Congress are merely the instruments through which we, the people, do our will; and it is we who are at fault—you and I and the man down the street and the woman on the next block. We don't know what the Indian is, what he does, what he needs, where he is now, or where he is going. Yet every once in a while we work up a great popular movement, upset something in frantic haste, then forget all about the matter.

It is not that mysterious "they" to whom we love to ascribe all our troubles who have brought this about. There are no sinister rings, no malicious hidden forces; merely an unromantic story of our own unwillingness to give sustained thought and effort. We would rather sob over the Indian than study him. We would rather read picturesque propaganda than learn simple facts. We have an Indian problem because we have no permanent policy. And we have no permanent policy because we haven't the knowledge necessary to create one.

We applaud the orator who says "Let my people go!" without reflecting whether they will go to the Legislature, the poorhouse, the penitentiary, or even —it's remotely conceivable—to work. But it's a fine phrase and we like the sound of it. We like to have our emotions played upon. We like the fine virtuous feeling that comes from making vigorous protests about something we don't in the least understand. We don't, we must admit, like to work; in that we can own our kinship to the Indian. Honest investigation, calm consideration, clear thinking, unemotional, untrumpeted study and effort—these are what the situation demands. Can we supply them?

Why Complicate Business?

By William Atherton Du Puy

THERE was a chain of drug stores that got the idea of simplified practice, of eliminating unnecessary varieties in its stock. It put it into operation. The first result was its ability to abandon seven of its nine warehouses. Employees were reduced 30 per cent. It saved a whole $5,000 a year that it had formerly spent for night work of people looking after stock. Loss from unsold stock went down from $263,000 a year to $100,000. The number of stores went up from 143 to 216; the volume of business from $19,000,000 to $33,000,000. These stores made much more money.

The hat industry made a study of the field from the standpoint of the chapeaux men pull down on their heads, thus shutting off blood circulation to their scalps and making them bald. It showed that there were 3,684 styles and colors. Ninety per cent of all men who bought hats, however, made their selection from seven styles and ten colors. Ten per cent of novelty business necessitated the manufacture and maintenance of 3,614 styles and colors. Producing a distinct type of hat costs money at the factory; stocking up on it at the wholesalers' and retailers' is expensive and takes lots of space. Millions were left over every season to fade and die. There were acres of these hats scattered all over the country. The users of conservative hard-boiled lids have to pay high prices to carry the losses and all these unnecessary styles. Effort is being made to eliminate at least three-fourths of the varieties.

The International Harvester Company in 1918 made 876 types of two-horse wagons. Four years later, 16 types. The 16 do everything the 876 could do. The user gets at least a part of the saving from the elimination of the 860 varieties. The task of maintaining stock is vastly simplified at the factory and in Babbitt Brothers' general store in Flagstaff, Arizona. And when the user needs a brake-block bolt it is much more likely to be standard.

It used to be that when mother bought a piano for purposes of development of the family embryo Paderewskis there were 103 kinds of stools to go with it, from which she might select. Mother was certainly not a connoisseur in piano stools, and it is doubtful if she appreciated the consideration that was thus being shown her. Finally, the industry decided to try an experiment. It would allow its own experts who really knew piano stools to settle on the seven best types. There is no evidence anywhere that anybody has missed the other 96.

A certain great shoe manufacturer was making three grades of shoes and 2,500 styles of each. He got to studying simplification, and decided to reduce his output to one grade with 100 styles. This cut the cost of production 31 per cent, increased production and the turnover 50 per cent, and made three dollars go as far as four had gone when John Consumer, urged on by the Missus, went to the shoe store just before school opened in the autumn.

A manufacturer of cutlery in Newark, New Jersey, took a cross-section of his business and found that he was making 3,000 styles. He got the simplification idea, and cut these to 250 styles. He found he could sell these so much more cheaply, due to greater economy of operation, that more boys were able to buy jack-knives, and his business was increased 200 per cent.

A survey of the waste in six of the major industries of the United States led to the conclusion that the average of preventable loss was about 40 per cent.

In one year preventable waste in industry, according to estimates of our own Department of Commerce, was about ten billion dollars. It all came out of the

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pockets of the people, because it was added to the price of goods sold.

Now if this money had been saved, it would have been sufficient to pay everybody's taxes, Federal, State, and municipal, would have paid for all the automobiles bought that year in the United States and for the gas to run them, for all the homes built between Canada and Mexico. The annual loss by fire in the United States, so great that it appals the world, is less than five per cent of the annual loss from waste in industry.

The first organized impetus toward saving in industry and business was given during the war, when the War Industries Board made studies, pointed out certain wastes, induced industrials to get together for the elimination of unnecessary varieties, even went so far in the allocation of raw materials over which it had authority as to refuse them to manufacturers who failed to abandon wasteful practices.

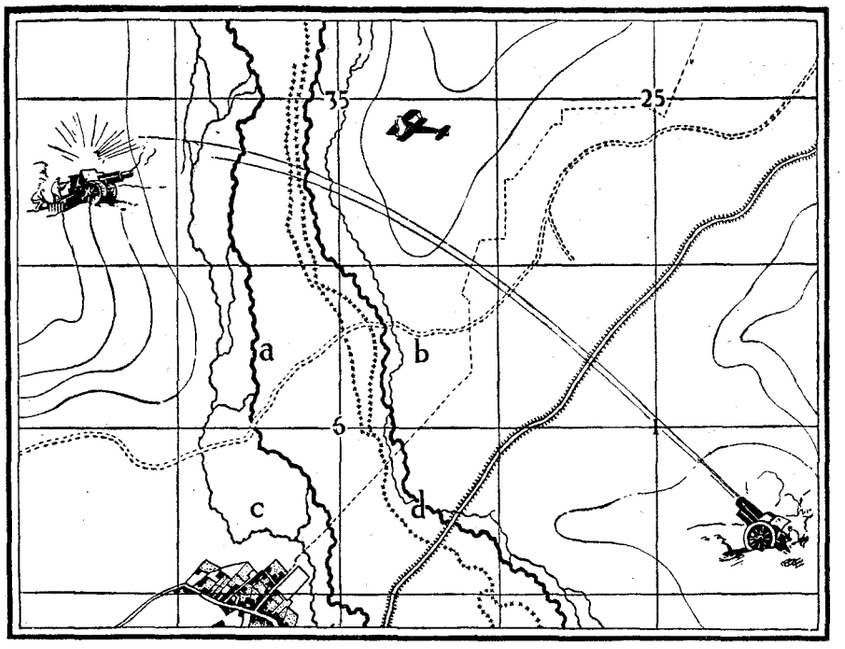
After the war the Federated American Engineering Societies appointed a committee, of which Herbert Hoover was chairman, to attempt to save for the Nation these lessons of the war, to make a survey, and set down the facts with relation to the waste in industry. Thus was a record made.

In all this a certain important fact was developing. This was the fact that everybody profited by simplification. The infinite problems of the manufacturers were lessened by it. The wholesaler and retailer both found that most vexing detail, the keeping in stock of an infinite variety of materials, greatly lessened. Father saved on shoes and son on jack-knives. Everybody was putting more money in the bank. Everybody was for simplification. The problem was how to bring it about.

Mr. Hoover knew this situation very thoroughly when he became Secretary of Commerce. He knew that industry, the middleman, the consumer, wanted simplification. He evolved a plan for making it possible for them to get it.

Industry, he said, should simplify itself. The Government would assume no authority in the matter, but it would provide a means for co-ordinated action wherever groups wanted to solve their own problems. Nearly every important industry had a National association, which was a very handy agency through which it might work. The Department created its division of simplified practice. Were there any industries now desiring to work with the Government on simplification?

Here entered the manufacturers of paving brick, some 44 companies bound



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together in a National association. They went down to Washington to meet with this division of simplified practice of the Department of Commerce. Mr. Hoover addressed them, expounded his theory of the duty of the Government to furnish a center point of communication and discussion, of its duty also to exercise no authority, no compulsion.

These manufacturers talked about the 66 sizes of paving brick they were making. There was a chat around the table in the morning, and another in the afternoon. As a result of these, by the time evening came on the 66 sizes had been reduced to 6. In the future they would make but 6 sizes. An industry had thus easily made itself over, simplified its product, much to its profit. The public stood to benefit because paving brick would be cheaper, and most paving brick is paid for out of the tax money of the people.

Another group which appeared represented the manufacturers of bedsteads, springs, and mattresses. (Did you ever try to change the springs from one bed to another?) They were flanked by the Wholesale Furniture Association and the Retail Furniture Association, the Bedding Manufacturers' Association, and the National Council of Furniture Associations.

All these people knew that a bedstead of nominal four-feet-and-a-half width was almost never exactly that wide. They knew that there was no standard length, but fluctuations between 72 and 76 inches. The inconvenience to manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers in juggling all these sizes, keeping them in stock, finally getting them fitted together with mattresses and bedding to fit, was infinite. It was expensive. It was unnecessary. It resulted in the rendering a worse, and not a better, service to the consumer.

So they talked the situation over at the National capital and reached a conclusion. They would eliminate all odd types of bedsteads, springs, and mattresses and manufacture just four widths, all of which should be exactly the same length. And he who cares to spread out the map of a nation and surmise on the detail that this one cut will eliminate between Maine and Catalina in the next fifty years may find ample exercise for his imagination.

There is the matter of bottles of milk left sitting on the doorsteps of the Nation along about daylight every morning. These bottles look pretty much alike wherever you see them. When the industry made a survey of itself, under the inspiration of the division of simplified practice, it found, however, that there were twelve sizes of quart bottles, thirteen sizes of pint bottles, fourteen sizes of half-pint bottles, and ten sizes of quarter-pint bottles. Likewise there were ten sizes of pasteboard bottle caps. The manufacturers of bottles and the users, represented by the milk users' associations, held a conference. They decided that it would be better for all concerned if there were but three types of quart bottles, three types of pints, three types of half-pints, and no quarter-pints at all. These should be so made that the same caps would fit into all of them. The ten types of caps formerly made would be reduced to one. The whole problem of bottles and caps for milk would become about one-fifth as complicated as it used to be.

These are but examples of the sort of thing that is being done and can be done. The customary method is for the association representing the industry to make the study and report on unnecessary varieties. The manufacturers have the facts. Then the associations representing the distributers and the consumers are called in. So are all the interested parties brought together. The division of simplified practice is the co-ordinating agency, lends the weight of the Government to this thing which is in the interest of all parties concerned. Agreements are reached which are mutually beneficial to all.

In this way the bankers are reducing the number of sizes of checks, the builders the sizes of doors, the railways the types of engines, the makers the types of tacks, traveling bags, dinner plates, mowing machines, candy boxes, the diameters of macaroni, the dimensions of union suits.

Every venture leads toward the removal of complications from a none too simple twentieth-century existence. It is a stupendous task, however, to bring about changes in the established order, to secure the introduction of changes in so involved a thing as the modern commercial structure. Results do not come fast. In this campaign, however, there is one fundamental advantage. Simplification saves money all along the line—to the maker, the distributer, the consumer. It touches the pocket nerve. That fact exerts unrelenting pressure.

Individual American industry, says Mr. Hoover, is remarkably efficient, but collective American industry is very considerably inefficient. Industry is, in fact, a Topsy. It has grown up of itself. It requires a survey, particularly from the collective standpoint. It should survey itself. This campaign for simplicity is little more than the presentation to it of an opportunity to do so.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

"For to Be'old this World So Wide"

Books of Travel Reviewed by EARLE WALBRIDGE

SIX of the congeries of books under review again raise the eternal question of professional *versus* amateur accomplishment. Who writes the better book of travel, the novelist experimenting in a new form or the seasoned routinist methodically conquering one world after another? The three novelists represented are now or originally were British. Not so long ago every major British novelist had written at least one school story. Of recent years it has seemed a point of honor for each to produce a mystery novel or a volume of detective stories. It may be that books of travel are next on the docket.

One at least knows what to expect from the professional travelers. Colonel Powell is the traveler *de luxe,* armed with official credentials and letters of introduction, and complete material equipment. If he should determine to visit the mountains of the moon, make sure that you will eventually find him posing on Mount Tycho, with Mrs. Powell, for a photograph by the indefatigable Rexford W. Barton, with as imperturbable an air as we find him in his latest book under the mango tree where Stanley met Livingstone. Mr. Franck, however, still prefers to walk ordinarily by his wild lone. He took his family with him to China, but spent only half his time with them.

We think we know what to expect from the novelists: Canon Hannay will be watchful for odd characters and amusing incidents; Miss Benson will display her impish humor shot through with an occasional shaft of mysticism. Mr. McFee, we hope against hope, will get through with the fewest possible references to Joseph Conrad. In every case we get what we are looking for.

Frances Trollope still has her spiritual sisters. Miss Stella Benson [1] sometimes reminds us of Max Beerbohm's Duke of Dorset, who "was not one of those Englishmen who fling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. Whenever any one in his presence said that America was not large in area, he would firmly maintain that it was." Miss Benson, who has crossed the continent in a Ford, is convinced that it is. "He held, too, in his enlightened way, that Americans have a perfect right to exist." One is not so sure that Miss Benson thinks so. Her dislikes are impartial, at least; the imaginary party of "trippers" which is slaughtered with savage gusto in the opening chapter comes from Piccadilly as well as from the "bald yellow cities" of Illinois. She seems happier in India and Indo-China. The whole book is an expression of an original temperament and a somewhat wry but delightful humor, and her own drawings reveal an unexpected and striking talent.

"Opportunity cunningly concealed as a sort of duty" to become chaplain to the British community in Budapest, with a parish extending over the whole country, took "G. A. Birmingham" to Hungary. His more secular experiences are recorded in his book.[2] On the hills of Buda and below in Pest he found a people still somewhat crushed and cowed, bearing the scars "entomological and moral" of the recent Bolshevik régime, and resentful over their lost provinces. In the chapter of that name Canon Hannay elucidates the present whereabouts of Transylvania, Croatia, Fiume, and the Carpathians predicating that "there must be reasons for everything that happens, outside of lunatic asylums, but it is sometimes very hard to find out what they are." Everything that he has to say in this book is interesting, and most of it amusing, especially when he is on the subjects of food and music. A Tzigani band is good for incidental music in a Theatre Guild production, but one gathers that it tends to become too much of a good thing on its native heath.

Mr. McFee brings in his King Charles's head no later than the second chapter, saying quite coolly, "The reader may complain that this is not fair. He has contracted to visit New Granada, not the shadowy Costaguana of Joseph Conrad's 'Nostromo.'" Well, this reader did complain. He also exercised his immemorial right of skipping the chapter. But he read every word in the book [3] otherwise. The Colombia depicted is a country seen through the eyes of a romantic novelist, who has "striven to breathe life, not only into the figures that pass over the pages, but into the landscape, the great river, the vast white stillness of the distant snow peaks, the breathless heat and filth of the river town, the bleak mediævalism of the high plateaux." The flight by airplane to Bogota reads like a page from the early and unearthly H. G. Wells.

So much for the Amerigo Vespuccis; now for the authentic Columbuses! Colonel Powell again displays his flair for arresting titles. "The Map that is Half Unrolled" [4] is the second of a trilogy of African travel which began with "Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim" and will conclude somewhat prosaically with "In Barbary." The jacket is adorned with a cannibal of *spirituel* aspect, whom we meet again among Mr. Barton's invariably excellent photographs. One such epicure assured the author that the toes and palms of the hands are considered the greatest delicacies. The odd and interesting gravitates naturally towards this explorer, although he does not believe everything he hears. He is an honest critic who never hesitates to speak his mind. He believes, for instance, that the Belgian Government is too lenient with natives in the Congo, and that it will be a calamity for Tanganyika if Great Britain ever surrenders its mandate.

Mr. Franck's book on southern China [5] is one of his best. It is a really amazing performance to write a book extending to more than a quarter of a million words and remain consistently entertaining and informing. What he calls his "abominable luck" kept him from adventures with wandering bandits. In spite of "the filth, the incessant noise, the sometimes deadening heat," he was primarily interested in the life of the masses, and ate, slept, and traveled with them. But occasionally the overpowering fecundity of China appalled him. "Only number counts, and its enormity at times frightens just as the uniformity makes one downcast. All these temples, all these houses, all these crowds endlessly reborn; at the turn of the street it is the

[1] The Little World. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

[2] A Wayfarer in Hungary. By George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

[3] Sunlight in New Granada. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. $3.50.

[4] The Map that is Half Unrolled; Equatorial Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. By E. Alexander Powell. With Many Illustrations from Photographs by Rexford W. Barton and the Author. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

[5] Roving Through Southern China. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated with 171 Unusual Photographs by the Author, with a Map Showing His Route. The Century Company, New York. $5.

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same street that recommences; one has the unbearable impression of eternally wandering through the same infernal corridors, as in a nightmare, of refalling eternally into the same labyrinths, in which grimace the same mysterious faces."

There remains a book by another inveterate traveler[6] who is his own photographer, an ambitious picture book "designed especially for travellers," say the publishers, "but of marked interest and value for home and school libraries." We should put it the other way about. Mr. Johnson's "What to See in America" seems an excellent book for a school library. The illustrations from photographs are small but clear, inclining to lakes and waterfalls; the text is selected to make the best use of the scanty space allotted it.

Another book of travel illustrated, like Miss Benson's, by the author, is Mr. Tristram Coffin's "Book of Crowns and Cottages,"[7] which is described on the jacket, with the curt reticence of university presses, as a "volume of sketches depicting life at Oxford and in Devon, Wales, and other historically picturesque parts of England." Mr. Coffin is the typical impassioned American at Oxford. He conveys his enthusiasm very well, on the whole, and tells us many intimate details about his friends and his family. Perhaps a longer stay at Oxford would have cleared his style of some alternate patches of muddiness and lushness. "Only the little shop-girl, whose hat is like an ugly mushroom, cannot keep back the tears that have welled up suddenly in her wistful eyes; in the midst of her tawdry finery two tears like large dewdrops roll down." Really, Mr. Coffin! But much can be forgiven the draughtsman of "Cottage, Combe Martin, North Devon" and "South Stack Lighthouse, Holyhead."

Colonel Hawkes in his thumb-nail sketches of London new and old[8] is as compact as Mr. Coffin is diffuse. But then he has evidently lived in London all his life, if not longer; has explored all its streets, sniffed all its smells, and listened to all its denizens. He has something for every taste. The bits that especially appealed to mine are "The Usher," in the section on "The Temple and the Courts," and "The Pantry Club," in "Belgravia and Mayfair." A visit to this club convinced Colonel Hawkes that "the

[6] What to See in America. By Clifton Johnson. With Five Hundred Illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.
[7] Book of Crowns and Cottages. By R. P. Tristram Coffin. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.50.
[8] The London Comedy: Interludes in Town. By C. P. Hawkes. The Medici Society, London and Boston. 7s. 6d.

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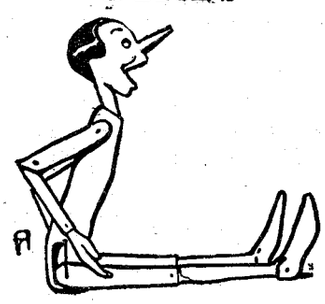

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One opens "Among Papuan Head Hunters," by E. Baxter Riley,[10] with a slight feeling of satiety induced by the spectacle of the usual array of naked savages. Although the book will probably prove a useful source book for the anthropologist, since Mr. Riley has compiled it from first-hand observation among the natives of New Guinea, an awkward and too methodical style makes it rough going for the casual reader. A map and a succinct index are furnished, in addition to the illustrations from photographs and line drawings.

"People of the Steppes" [11] is something else again. It is not, as some one has facetiously suggested, a book about Charleston dancers, although Mr. Fox did see a ballet in Moscow. In the summer of 1922 he was one of a "little band of Anglo-Saxon oddities islanded in a small town upon the far southeastern plain of Russia . . . engaged in giving relief to the stricken peasants of the district." He was very soon despatched to Turkestan to buy a thousand horses. With ready adaptability, he lived for

[9] Game Trails in British Columbia; Big Game and Other Sport in the Wilds of British Columbia. By A. Bryan Williams, B.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

[10] Among Papuan Head Hunters: An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Old Fly River Head Hunters, with a Description of the Secrets of the Initiation Ceremonies Divulged by Those Who Have Passed Through all the Different Orders of the Craft, by One Who Has Spent Many Years in Their Midst. By E. Baxter Riley, F.R.A.I. With 50 Illustrations and Map. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

[11] People of the Steppes. By Ralph Fox. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

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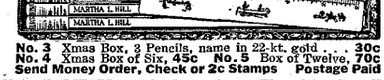

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months with the Kirghiz Kazaks. Mr. Fox is one of those Englishmen, like Hugh Walpole and William Gerhardi, who know and love Russia; he can write as well as they, and has more hope for its future than either of them has shown.

Fiction

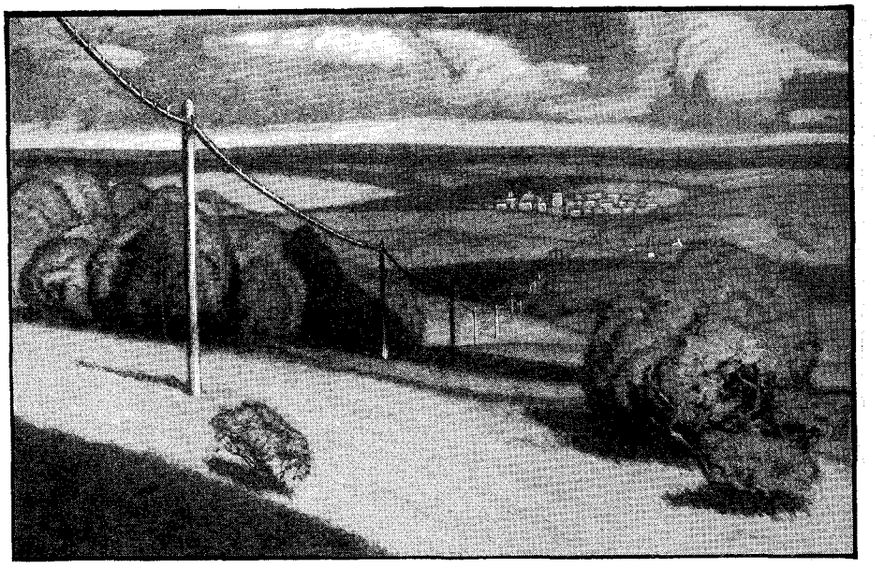
THE DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A detective story. In the main it follows the well-known formulæ of its type, but has sufficient originality of detail to pique one's curiosity. The master mind in this case is Inspector Wilson, of Scotland Yard. Hugh Restington, an American millionaire, disappeared one night from his private suite in London's smartest hotel. His Russian secretary, Rosenbaum, left the hotel early the following morning with a very heavy trunk, in which it was surmised Restington's dead or unconscious body was hidden, for blood stains were found on bed-sheets and walls. Obviously, Rosenbaum was the assassin. However, when suspicion rests on a character in the first fifty pages one may safely rely on his innocence. The motive of the murder was conjectured to be the desire of a powerful Bolshevist faction to prevent Restington from carrying out his plans to work a huge gold-mining concession granted him by Lenine. Lord Ealing had depended on the Restington concession to bolster up the tottering fortunes of the Anglo-Asiatic Commercial Corporation. But his desire to apprehend the assassin was tempered by fear lest his arrest might bring about the publication of a letter compromising his financial honor. Stock-jobbing and the sharp practice indulged in by kings of finance are dwelt upon with genial cynicism. A tale no more improbable than the conventions permit, and well told.

Essays and Criticism

LETTERS TO A LADY IN THE COUNTRY. Edited by Stuart P. Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

For some time past a series of singularly dull letters, which in skilled hands might have been made extremely interesting, has been running its course through the columns of the literary supplement of the New York "Tribune" and is now printed in book form with an Introduction by the editor of that supplement. The correspondence is between one "Paul," a Kentucky youth who has moved to New York, and a "Caroline" who remains in the Southland and is the wife of the owner of a very large farm. A letter-writer is always at his worst when he writes about his own emotions, and in his letters Paul gives us an object-lesson in what that worst can be. His



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Southern correspondent is less egotistic, although she does have a good deal to say about her feelings and their relation to the solemn speculations of her correspondent. Now and then her husband breaks into the game with a few words of hard common sense as welcome as rays of sunlight to the perplexed and wearied reader. It would seem that Paul fancied himself a poet and had come to New York to enter upon a literary career. Yet, with every opportunity for studying life and character in the cosmopolitan city and distilling from his fresh knowledge material suited to the intellectual needs of the woman for whom he entertains a growing sentimental regard, he confines his broodings to his own petty emotions. Through all the correspondence there is no indication that he has profited in any way by his months of residence in the metropolis of the country. Caroline also neglects to discuss subjects that would certainly interest a very large number of Northern readers, for Kentucky has its own distinctive character and people, not to mention its horses. Consider for a moment the interesting letters that might pass between a woman who longs for news of the intellectual and artistic worlds of New York, of which she has heard so much and knows so little, and consider also how much she could say about the blue grass country, the great racing stables, and the fine old plantation homes of Kentucky that would charm and enlighten every intelligent person north of Mason and Dixon's Line. Better this than the introspective broodings of two small souls.

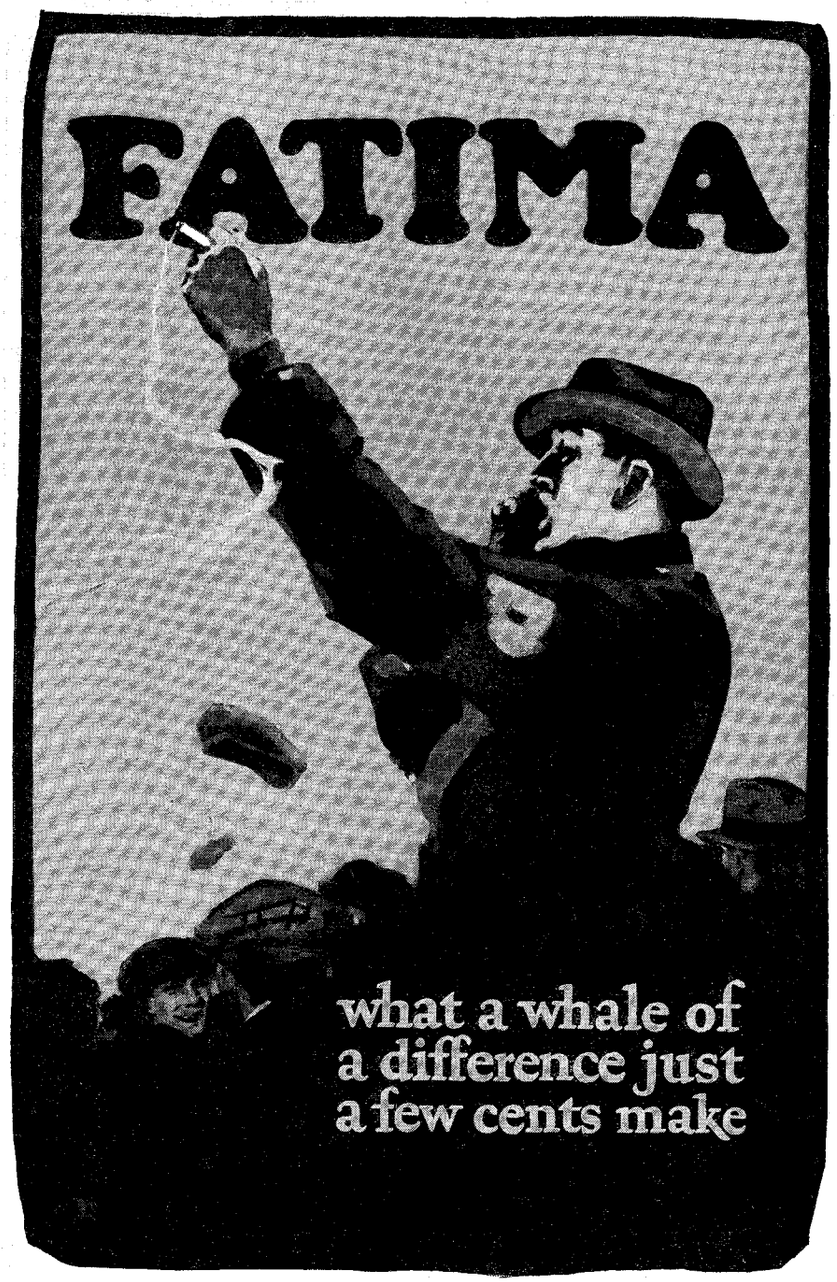
Biography

MY EDUCATION AND RELIGION. By Dr. George A. Gordon. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

"My Education and Religion" is really an informal and extremely interesting autobiography of a celebrated Congregational minister, for many years pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.

Dr. Gordon was born in Scotland in 1853, and at the age of eighteen came to this country. After the usual vicissitudes common to the poor immigrant, he got upon his feet, studied for the ministry at the Bangor Theological Seminary, and later entered Harvard as a special student. His first parish was a small one in Maine; his second, a large one in Greenwhich, Connecticut, whence he went in 1883 to the Old South Church in Boston.

The most interesting parts of the book are those dealing with Scotland and Scottish life. Dr. Gordon was one of a family of thirteen children. His father was overseer of an estate in Aberdeen-



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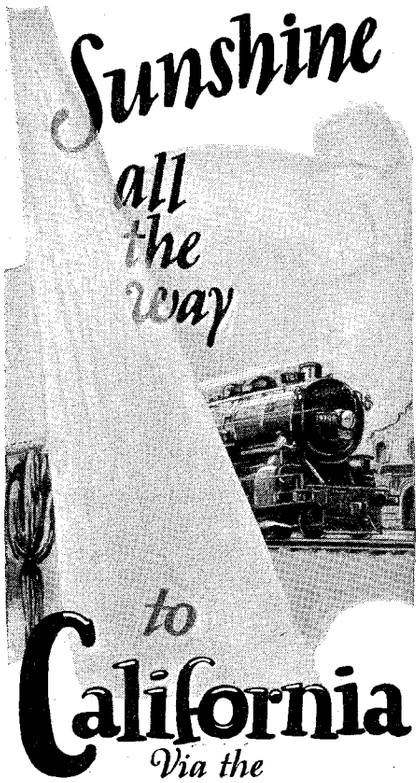

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shire and his forebears were of that upright, intelligent, stern stock that has given the Scottish character its high position in the world. Many are the stories he tells of his early life, all throwing light upon a set of manners and customs that seem strangely remote now. For change has invaded even the conservatism of Scottish rural life, and it will not long be possible for such a book as Dr. Gordon's to be written from personal experience. The lad rebelled against Calvinism at an early age. The doctrine of predestination revolted his sense of justice, so that for ten years he says he had no religion at all. He was a great friend of Phillips Brooks, possessing much the same sunniness of character. The book is delightful reading, being full of anecdote and Scots humor, and free from undue egotism.

Humor

THE HOLIDAY ROUND. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.75.

"The Holiday Round" is well named, for there are more than three hundred and sixty-five laughs in it, and at least a smile, if not a loud roar, for every day in the year. The book is a collection of short stories, plays, and other incidents and accidents in humor, each with a charm of its own, a charm that belongs especially to A. A. Milne. "Little Plays for Amateurs" is a chapter of highly amusing burlesque on plays of the Victorian order, and the directions to the actors are half the fun. Another delightful chapter is the "Stories of Successful Lives," a delicate satire on several of the esteemed professions. But these are only a couple of drops in this bucket full of clever nonsense. If you have ever had a picnic go wrong, or come to tea with only one of a pair of spats, or if you are interested in the "Sardine Defense League," or even should you only care to know that Artichoke is not a girl's, but a boy's name, you will want to read the book. One is only sorry not to find in it any of Mr. Milne's charming verses, but some of his prose reads like verse.

Science

ALMOST HUMAN. By Robert M. Yerkes. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Dr. Yerkes has a very high opinion of apes and monkeys as subjects for experimentation, not for the obvious ends of medical research alone, but for enlargement of our knowledge of the educational process, and even for our guidance in the better conduct of human affairs. He comments on the fact that zoölogical parks, circuses, menageries, and variety shows have in the past fifty years spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to satisfy human curiosity, "whereas only paltry sums have been devoted to the

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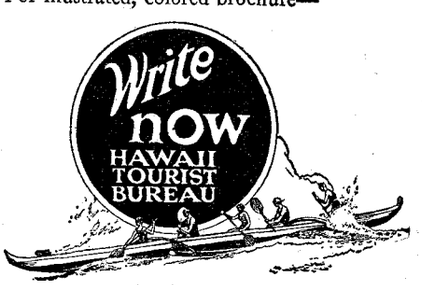

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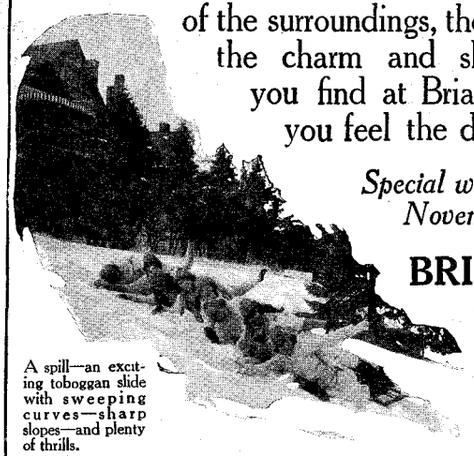

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disinterested study of our nearest of kin." These remarks come with some suddenness at the very end of a book devoted up to the last chapter to the description of the magnificent collection of primates which Señora Rosalía Abreu has maintained on her estate, Quinta Palatino, at Havana. Almost every conceivable type from lemurs to gorillas is presented in the text and in the remarkable illustrations from photographs. Yet, while every reader can draw his own conclusions from these studies of the behavioristic psychology of the apes, it would be interesting to have stated more fully the direction in which Dr. Yerkes would have these proceed.

In the Other Fellow's Shoes

By BILL ADAMS

LAST night I lay awake thinking of Lhasa, of Peru, of Dunk Island, of the sea, and of many places that I had meant to have visited. When so thinking, I am conscious that I am still in my early twenties. Something seems to whisper to me that age does not matter, though those places of desire are still there, and I cannot go to see them. With health, one may go just where one wishes. I suppose that there will be at some future time things to much more than compensate for what we must miss to-day. But I am unable to comprehend any more lovely world than the world in which I live. It is, indeed, good enough for me. I suppose that my job is to be good enough for it.

The Tibetan woman has five husbands, the Turk five wives. The fellow from old Calabar is black as your hat, and the Whampoa man is yellow. You and I are white, pinky white. I wonder if we appear untasty to the other fellow? Were I a black man, I think that I might feel a bit "sick at my stomach" when looking at my first white man. He would appear to be underdone, or, perhaps, like a worm. Before I'd have five wives I'd go drown myself. Imagine having to go shopping with, not one, but five. One's life would be spent outside the five-and-ten-cent store cussing femininity. The five-and-ten-cent store is curse enough as it is. When Woolworth stores spread over the earth, there will be no more polygamy. As for being one of five husbands! Those Tibetans can have no pride. What a grand time an Irishman could have there! He would be in an everlasting rumpus. It is a queer world. Something will come of it yet. Civilization your eye! We haven't started. We

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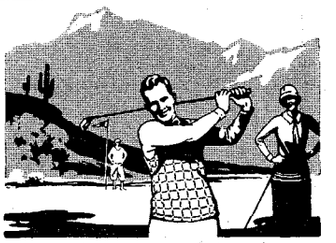

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are still in the nursery. I sometimes think that the white child is the biggest trouble-maker in the family.

It is better than being an insect, though. Fancy being a spider, and falling in love. You would be saying to your wife, "You are so sweet I could eat you," and before you knew what was happening she would very positively be eating *you*.

Had I a twin brother, had he through some means been brought up in a Turkish family, he would be as sure of his religion as am I of mine. The same, had he been nurtured in Timbuctoo or Tientsin. We are a cock-sure lot; each given to contempt for the other fellow's beliefs. Every tribe swears by its own soldiery as the bravest, by its women as the loveliest.

I want to live in a little street where all may sit down and consider things in a friendly fashion. Maybe we'd have a free fight once in a while, to purify our blood and sweeten the air. But there'd be none of this killing. A hard fist is a fine thing to have, a hard heart a foul one.

When I was little, I was forever in trouble through asking questions. Very often I was in for a licking. You cannot stifle knowledge, and to refuse an answer is a crime when youth inquires. To hedge but makes youth suspicious of your motives. I am suspicious yet, often apt to be. One of these days dawn will break and the nursery blind will be pulled up to let the bright light in. Then we shall know. How long it seems till dawn! Meanwhile, what? The faith of a child, let us hope. There *is* good in humanity, and we must dig it out.

If America does not solve some of the many questions of this earth, some of its graver ones, if America does not contrive to lead mankind toward some fuller brotherhood, America will have turned the dream which gave to her her birth into a nightmare. We have to get rid of all fanaticism, of every fetish. We have little more than started. We praise great men, and do not follow them. Material well-being, an empty thing beside the deeper thing, is apt to blind men's eyes. Centuries pass, and it becomes but a mummy. The deeper thing is as a lily bulb which, planted in some shady corner by a child, spreads over and beautifies all of a wide field. It is a beauty that does not die. It is the yeast which makes our cake rise, and renders the bread of life digestible.

The Tibetan, who uses barley balls in his buttered tea, would scorn my metaphor. Or is it a simile? My education is long ago shot up, and I leave it to you.

Cheer-oh!

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